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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*De L'Orme.* By the Author of "Richelieu" and "Darnley." 3 vols. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

In former days an historical novel meant a castle and a dungeon,—a heroine and a lute,—a tyrannical baron and a hero as handsome and as valiant as words could make him; but, save in name, all as much belonging to the nineteenth as to any other century. But we have reversed this law of perpetual imprisonment, and have been in danger of running into the other extreme, and making the novel a sort of antiquary's diary, full of dates and dryness, where the dress of the heroine is only inferior in interest and accuracy to the dinner and accoutrements of the hero. The work before us has steered happily between the two: the time, that of Louis the Thirteenth, was one of the strongest political excitement, when politics involved every species of romantic adventure; and nothing can be more varied than the career of *De L'Orme*. Bold, enterprising, yet with a vein of deep melancholy, which gives a touch of poetry to the character, without detracting from its activity; born among the wild mountains of the Pyrenees, he becomes equally engaged in the revolts of the Spanish and the conspiracies of the French side: but how he succeeds, we leave to the reader to discover, to whom we shall now endeavour to introduce him, enough for interest, but not for knowledge; and we rather think his further acquaintance will be strongly desired. Chance circumstances throw *De L'Orme* into the very midst of the rising in Catalonia: he is taken prisoner, and brought before the viceroy, whose short career is so animatedly sketched, that we must try to abridge it.

"Seated in an ivory chair, somewhat resembling in form the curule chair of the ancient Romans, appeared a short fat man, not unlike the renowned governor of Barataria, as described by Cervantes. I mean in his figure; the excessive rotundity of which was such, that the paunch of Sancho himself would have ill borne the comparison. His face, though full in proportion, had no coarseness in it. The skin was of a clear pale brown, and the features small, but rather handsome. The eye-brows were high, and strongly marked, the eyes large and calm, and the expression of the countenance, on the whole, noble and dignified, but not powerful. It offered lines of talent, it is true, but few of thought; and there was a degree of sleepy listlessness in the whole air of the head, which, to my mind, spoke a luxurious and idle disposition. The dress of the viceroy—for such was the person before me—smacked somewhat of the habits which I mentally attributed to him. Instead of the stiff *fraire*, or raised ruff, round the neck, still almost universally worn in Spain, he had adopted the falling collar of lace, which left his neck and throat at full liberty. His *juste-au-corps* of yellow silk had doubtless caused the tailor some trouble to

fashion it dexterously to the protuberance of his stomach; but still many of the points of this were left open, shewing a shirt of the finest lawn. His hat and plume, buttoned with a sapphire of immense value, lay upon a table before him; and as I entered, he put it on for an instant, as representative of the sovereign, but immediately after, again laid it down, and left his head uncovered for the sake of the free air, which breathed sweetly in at one of the open windows, and fanned him as he leaned back on the cushions of his chair. Behind the viceroy stood his favourite negro slave, splendidly dressed in the Oriental costume, with a turban of gold muslin on his head, and bracelets of gold upon his naked arms. He was a tall, powerful man; and there was something noble and fine in the figure of the black, with his upright carriage, and the free bearing of every limb, that one looked for in vain in the idle listlessness of his lord. His distance from the viceroy was but a step, so that he could lean over the chair and catch any remark which his lord might choose to address to him, in however low a tone it was made, and at the same time, he kept his hand resting upon the rich hilt of a long dagger; which seemed to shew that he was there as a sort of guard, as well as a servant, there being no one else in the room when we entered. I advanced a few steps into the room, followed, as I have said, by Achilles alone, and paused at a small distance from the viceroy, on a sign he made me with his hand, intimating that I had approached near enough. After considering me for a moment or two in silence, he addressed me in a sweet musical voice. 'I perceive, sir,' said he, 'notwithstanding the array of your dress, and the dust and dirt with which you are covered, that you are originally a gentleman—I am seldom mistaken in such things. Is it not so?' 'In the present instance, your excellence is perfectly right,' replied I; 'and the only reason for my appearing before the viceroy of Catalonia in such a deranged state of dress, is the brutal conduct of a party of soldiery, who seized upon me while travelling peacefully on the high road, and brought me here without allowing me even a moment's repose.' 'I thought I was right,' rejoined the viceroy, somewhat raising his voice: 'but do you know, young sir, that your being a gentleman greatly aggravates the crime of which you are guilty. The vulgar herd, brought up without that high sense of honour which a gentleman receives in every birth, commit not half so great a crime when they lend themselves to base and mean actions, as a gentleman does, who sullies himself and his class with any thing dishonourable and wrong. From the mean, what can be expected but meanness? and consequently the crime remains without aggravation; but when the well-born, and the well-educated, derogate from their station, and mingle in base schemes, their punishment should be, not only that inflicted by society on those that trouble its repose, but a separate punishment should be added for the

breach of all the honourable ties imposed upon a gentleman—for the stigma they cast upon high birth—and from the certainty in their case that they fall into error with their eyes open—'

*De L'Orme* soon clears himself of all participation, and is freed from his temporary restraint by an attack on the city, which is most spiritedly defended by the viceroy; and the chapter thus concludes:—

"I beheld the viceroy sitting on one of the steps, evidently totally exhausted; while Scipio the negro, kneeling on a lower step, offered him a cup of wine, and seemed pressing him to drink. At the sound of my steps the slave started up and laid his hand upon his dagger, but seeing me he gave a melancholy glance towards his lord, and again begged him to take some refreshment. Unused to all exertion, and enormously weighty, the excessive toil to which the viceroy had subjected himself had left him no powers of any kind, and he sat, as I have described, with his eyes shut, his hand leaning on the step, and his head fallen heavily forward on his chest, without seeming to notice any thing that was passing around him. It was in vain that I made the proposal to parley with Garcias; he replied nothing; and I was again repeating it, hoping by reiteration to make him attend to what I said, when one of his officers came running down from above. 'My lord,' cried he, 'the galleys answer the signal, and from the observatory I see the boats putting off. If your excellency makes haste, you will get to the shore as they do, and will be safe.' The viceroy raised his head, 'At all events I will try,' said he; 'they cannot say that I have abandoned my post while it was tenable. Let the soldiers take torches.'

The immense iron door was trembling and shivering under the continual and incessant blows of axen and crows with which it was pried by the people, in spite of a fire of musketry that a party of the most determined of the soldiery was keeping up through the loopholes of the ground story and from the windows above. A great number of the soldiers, whose valour was secondary to their discretion, had already fled down a winding staircase, the mouth of which stood open at the farther end of the hall, with an immense stone trap-door thrown back, which, when down, doubtless concealed all traces of the passage below. When we approached it, only two or three troopers remained at the mouth holding torches to light the viceroy as he descended. 'Don José,' said the viceroy, in a faint voice, addressing the officer who commanded the company which still kept up the firing from the windows; 'call your men together, let them follow me to the galleys—but take care, when you descend, to shut down the stone door over the mouth of the stairs—lock it and bar it as you know how; and make haste.' 'I will but roll these barrels of powder to the door, my lord,' replied the officer, 'lay a train between them, and place a minute match by way of a

spigot, and then will join your excellence with my trusty iron hearts, who are picking out the fattest rebels from the windows. Should need be, we will cover your retreat, and as we have often tasted your bounty, will die in your defence.' In dangerous circumstances there is much magic in a fearless tone; and Don José spoke of death in so careless a manner, that I could not help thinking some of the soldiers who had been most eager to light the viceroy, were somewhat ashamed of their cowardly civility. About forty of the bravest soldiers in the garrison, who remained with the officer who had spoken, would indeed have rendered the viceroy's escape to the boats secure, but Don José was prevented from fulfilling his design. We descended the stairs as fast as the viceroy could go; and, at the end of about a hundred steps, entered a long excavated passage leading from the arsenal to the sea-shore, cut through the earth and rock for nearly half a mile, and lined throughout with masonry. At the farther extremity of this were just disappearing, as we descended, the torches of the other soldiers who had taken the first mention of flight as an order to put themselves in security, and had consequently led the way with great expedition. In a moment or two after—by what accident it happened I know not—an explosion took place that shook the earth on which we stood, and roared through the cavern as if the world were riven with the shock. 'God of heaven! they have blown themselves up!' cried the viceroy pausing; but the negro hurried him on, and we soon reached the sands under the cliffs to the left of the city. To the cold chilliness of the vault through which we had hitherto proceeded, now succeeded the burning heat of a cloudless sun in Spain. It was but spring, but no one knows what some spring days are at Barcelona, except those who have experienced them; and by the pale cheek, haggard eye, and staggering pace of the viceroy, I evidently saw that if the boats were far off, he would never be able to reach them. We saw them, however, pulling towards the shore about three-quarters of a mile farther up, and the very sight was gladdening. Four or five soldiers remained, as I have said, with their commander, and lighted us along the gallery; but the moment they were in the open air, the view of the boats, towards which their companions who had gone on before were now crowding, was too much for the constancy of most of them, and without leave or orders, all but two ran forward to join the rest. The tide was out; and stretching along the margin of the sea, a smooth dry sand offered a firm and pleasant footing, but a multitude of large black rocks, strewed irregularly about upon the shore, obliged us to make a variety of turns and circuits, doubling the actual distance we were from the boats. The cries and shouts from the place of the late combat burst upon our ears the moment we had issued from the passage, and sped on us with greater rapidity. Seeing that he could hardly proceed, I took the left arm of the viceroy, while his faithful negro supported him on the right, and hurried him towards the boats; but the moment after, another shout burst upon our ear. It was nearer, far nearer, than the rest; and turning my head, I beheld a body of the peasantry pursuing us, and arrived at about the same distance from us that we were from the boats. The viceroy heard it also, and easily interpreted its meaning. 'I can go no farther,' said he; 'but I can die here as well as a few paces or a few years beyond'; and he made a faint effort to draw his sword. 'Yet a little

further, my lord, yet a little farther,' cried the African; 'they are a long way off still—we are nearing the boats—see, the head boat is steering towards us! Yet a little farther, for the love of Heaven!' The unfortunate vice-roy staggered on for a few paces more, when his weariness again overcame him, his lips turned livid, his eyes closed, and he fell fainting upon the sand. Running down as fast as I could to the sea, I filled two of the large shells that I found with water, and carrying them back, dashed the contents on his face; but it was in vain; and I went back again for more, when on turning round, I saw a fresh party of the insurgents coming down a sloping piece of ground that broke the height close by. It would have been base to have abandoned him at such a moment, and I returned to his side with all speed. The first of the peasantry were already within a few paces, and their brows were still knit and their eyes still flashing with the ferocious excitement of all the deeds they had done during the course of that terrible morning. As they rushed on, I saw Garcias a step or two behind, and called to him loudly in French to come forward and protect the viceroy, assuring him that he had wished the people well, and even had been the means of saving my life. The smuggler made no reply, but starting forward, knocked aside the point of a gun that one of the peasants had levelled at my head, and catching me firmly by the arm, held me with his gigantic strength, while the people rushed on upon their victim. The negro strode across his master, and drew his dagger—one of the insurgents instantly rushed upon him, and fell dead at his feet. Another succeeded, when the dagger broke upon his ribs—the noble slave cast it from him, and throwing himself prostrate on the body of his master, died with him, under a hundred wounds.'

Though the interview with Richelieu is somewhat long for our pages, it is too well painted to be omitted.

'He led me into a small hall, and thence into a cabinet beyond, hung with fine tapestry, and lighted by a single silver lamp. Here he bade me sit down and left me. In a few minutes a door on the other side of the room opened, and a cavalier entered, dressed in a rich suit of black velvet, with a hat and plume. He was tall, thin, and pale, with a clear bright eye, and fine decided features. His beard was small and pointed, and his face oval, and somewhat sharp; and though there was a slight stoop of his neck and shoulders, as if time or disease had somewhat enfeebled his frame, yet it took nothing from the dignity of his demeanour. He started, and seemed surprised at seeing any one there, but then immediately advanced, and looking at me for a moment, with a glance which read deeply whatever lines it fell upon—'Who are you?' demanded he: 'what do you want? what paper is that in your hand?' 'My name,' replied I, 'is Louis Count de L'Orme; my business is with the Cardinal de Richelieu, and this paper is one which I am charged to deliver into his hand.' 'Give it to me,' said the stranger, holding out his hand. My eye glanced over his clerical habiliments, and I replied, 'You must excuse me. This paper, and the farther news I bring, can only be given to the cardinal himself.' 'It shall go safe,' he answered in a stern tone. 'Give it to me, young sir.' There was an authority in his tone that almost induced me to comply; but reflecting that I might be called to a severe account by the unrelenting minister, even for a mere error in judgment, I per-

sisted in my original determination. 'I must repeat,' answered I, 'that I can give this to no one but his eminence himself, without an express order from his own hand to do so.' 'Pshaw!' cried he, with something of a smile, and taking up a pen, which lay with some sheets of paper on the table, he dipped it in the ink, and scrawled in a large, bold hand—

'Deliver your packet to the bearer,

*'RICHELIEU.'*

I made him a low bow and placed the letter in his hands. He read it, with the quick and intelligent glance of one enabled by long habit to collect and arrange the ideas conveyed to him with that clear rapidity possessed alone by men of genius. In the mean time, I watched his countenance, seeking to detect amongst all the lines with which years and thought had channelled it, any expression of the stern, vindictive, despotic passions, which the world charged him withal, and which his own actions sufficiently evinced. It was not there, however—all was calm. Suddenly raising his eyes, his look fell full upon me, as I was thus busily scanning his countenance, and I know not why, but my glance sunk in the collision. 'Ha!' said he, rather mildly than otherwise, 'you were gazing at me very strictly, sir. Are you a reader of countenances?' 'Not in the least, monseigneur,' replied I; 'I was but learning a lesson—to know a great man when I see one another time.' 'That answer, sir, would make many a courtier's fortune,' said the minister; 'nor shall it mar yours, though I understand it. Remember, flattery is never lost at a court! 'Tis the same there as with a woman—if it be too thick, she may wipe some of it away, as she does her rouge; but she will take care not to brush off all!' To be detected in flattery has something in it so degrading, that the blood rushed up into my cheek, with the burning glow of shame. A slight smile curled the minister's lip. 'Come, sir,' he continued, 'I am going forth for half an hour, but I may have some questions to ask you; therefore, I will beg you to wait my return. Do not stir from this spot. There, you will find food for the mind,' he proceeded, pointing out a small case of books; 'in other respects, you shall be taken care of. I need not warn you to discretion. You have proved that you possess that quality, and I do not forget it.' Thus speaking he left me, and for a few minutes I remained struggling with the flood of turbulent thoughts which such an interview pours upon the mind. This, then, was the great and extraordinary minister, who at that moment held in his hands the fate of half Europe—the powers of whose mind, like Nisus, the tempest-god of the ancient Gauls, raised, guided, and enjoyed the winds and the storms, triumphing in the thunders of continual war, and the whirlwinds of political intrigue! In a short time two servants brought in a small table of lapis lazuli, on which they proceeded to spread various sorts of rare fruits and wines; putting on also a china cup and a vase, which I supposed to contain coffee—a beverage that I had often heard mentioned by my good preceptor Father Francis, who had tasted it in the East, but which I had never before met with. All this was done with the most profound silence, and with a gliding, ghost-like step, which must certainly have been learned in the prisons of the Inquisition. At length one of these stealthy attendants desired me, in the name of his lord, to take some refreshment, and then, with a low reverence, quitted the cabinet, as if afraid that I should make him any answer. I could not help thinking, as

they left me, what a system of terror that must be, which could drill any two Frenchmen into silence like this! However, I approached the table, and indulged myself with a cup of most exquisite coffee, after which I examined the book-case, and glancing my eye over histories and tragedies, and essays and treatises, I fixed at length upon Ovid, from a sort of instinctive feeling, that the mind, when it wishes to fly from itself, and the too sad realities of human existence, assimilate much more easily with any thing imaginative than with any thing true. I was still reading, and though sometimes falling into long lapses of thought, I was nevertheless highly enjoying the beautiful fictions of the poet, when the door was again opened, and the minister reappeared. I instantly laid down the book and rose, but pointing to a chair, he bade me be seated, and taking up my book, turned over the pages for a few moments, while a servant brought him a cup of fresh coffee and a biscuit. 'Are you fond of Ovid?' demanded he, at length; and then, without allowing me time to reply, he added, 'he is my favourite author; I read him more than any other book.' The tone which he took was that of easy, common conversation, which two persons perfectly equal in every respect might be supposed to hold upon any indifferent subject: and I, of course, answered in the same. 'Ovid,' I said, 'is certainly one of my favourite poets, but I am afraid of reading him so often as I should wish; for there is an enervating tendency in all his writings, which I should fear would greatly relax the mind.' 'It is for that very reason that I read him,' replied the minister. 'It is alone when I wish for relaxation, that I read, and then—after every thought having been in activity for a whole long day—Ovid is like a bed of roses to the mind, where it can repose itself, and recruit its powers of action for the business of another.' This was certainly not the conversation which I expected, and I paused without making any reply, thinking that the minister would soon enter upon those important subjects on which I could give the best and latest information; but on the contrary, he proceeded with Ovid. 'There is a constant struggle,' continued he, 'between feeling and reason in the human breast. In youth, it is wisely ordained, that feeling should have the ascendancy; and she rules like a monarch, with Imagination for her minister—though, by the way,' he added with a passing smile, 'so slight that it scarcely curled his lip, 'though, by the way, the minister is often much more active than the monarch. In after years, when feeling has done for man all that feeling was intended to do, and carried him into a thousand follies, eventually very beneficial to himself, and to the human race, Reason succeeds to the throne, to finish what feeling left undone, and to remedy what she did wrong. Now you are in the age of feeling, and I am in the age of reason; and the consequence is, that even in reading such a book as Ovid, what we call is as different as the wax and the honey which a bee gathers from the same flower. What touches you, is the wit and brilliancy of the thought, the sweetness of the poetry, the bright and luxurious pictures which are presented to your imagination; while all that affects me little; and shadowed through a thousand splendid allegories, I see great and sublime truths, robed, as it were, by the verse and the poetry in a radiant garment of light. What can be a truer picture of an ambitious and daring minister than Ixion embracing a cloud? and he looked me full in the face, with a smile

of melancholy meaning, to which I did not well know how to reply. 'I have certainly never considered Ovid in that light,' replied I, 'and I have to thank your eminence for the pleasure I shall doubtless enjoy in tracing the allegories throughout.' 'The thanks are not my due,' replied the minister; 'an English statesman, near a century ago, wrote a book upon the subject, and shewed his own wisdom, while he pointed out that of the ancients. In England the reign of reason is much stronger than it is with us in France, though they may be considered as a younger people.' 'Then does your eminence consider' demanded I, 'that the change from feeling to reason proceeds apace with the age of nations, as well as with men?' 'In general, I think it does,' replied he; 'nations set out, bold, generous, hasty, carried away by impulse rather than by thought; easily led, but not easily governed. Gradually, however, they grow politic, careful, anxious to increase their wealth, somewhat indolent, till at length they creep into their dotage even like men.—But,' he added, after a pause, 'the world is too young for us to talk about the history of nations. All we know is, that they have their different characters like different men, and of course some will preserve their vigour longer than others, some will die violent deaths, some end by sudden diseases, some by slow decay. A hundred thousand years hence, men may know what nations are, and judge what they will be. It suffices, at present, to know our contemporaries, and to rule them by that knowledge—and now, Monsieur le Comte de L'Orme, I thank you for a pleasant hour, and I wish you good night. Of course, you are still at an inn; when you have fixed your lodgings, leave your address here, and you shall hear from me. In the mean while, farewell!'

We shall finish with one of many brief observations, which shew the mind of an author as much as those in conversation do of the speaker.

" Yet, although not knowing it, my mother, I am sure, did not escape without feeling some small share of maternal pride at her son's first achievement. I saw it in her face, I heard it in her tone; and often since I have had occasion to remark, how like the passions, the feelings, and the prejudices, which swarm in our bosoms, are to a large mixed society, wherein the news that is painful to one is pleasing to another, and joy and sorrow are the results of the same cause, at the same moment. Man's heart is a microcosm, the actors in which are the passions, as varied as opposed, as shaded one into the other, as we see the characters of men, in the great scene of the world."

As an historical novel, these pages have the great and rare merit of marking the spirit as well as the manners of their time; the real personages introduced are drawn with equal animation and accuracy, while in the story itself the interest is well sustained to the last, and a tone of imaginative reflection, and touches of picturesque description, are the lights and shades which fill up the picture. Public opinion has amply confirmed our praise of *Richeieu* and *Darnley*; but we must say we think *De L'Orme* much superior to his predecessors.

*Orlando Innamorato di Bojardo, Orlando Furioso di Ariosto; with an Essay on the Romantic Narrative Poetry of the Italians: Memoirs and Notes by Antonio Panizzi.* Vol. II. London, 1830. W. Pickering.

PERHAPS by quoting the exact words of the indefatigable editor, the second portion of whose labours now calls for our notice and praise, we

shall give our readers the most just idea of the industry and research requisite for such a task:—

" I have already mentioned five editions of the *Innamorato*, which I have collated in order to render my own correct; and I have now to add, that I have also collated every line of the poem with two other editions in the library of the British Museum. I cannot say that any one of these is good, although each of them offers some correct readings peculiar to itself. I had at first chosen for my text that of Zoppino, 4to. 1532 or 33, with which the two editions of Niccolini dated 1539 and 1544 generally agree. These are, however, too modern, and are often capriciously altered by the editors. Whenever the pronoun *lui* occurs instead of *egli*, in these editions *quel* has been substituted. In like manner, whenever the poet has taken too great a license, some alteration has been made to avoid it. I could not, therefore, always follow the text adopted in these three editions; but I have selected that reading which seemed to me most likely to have been that of the author, whatever was the edition which suggested it, although it might sound strange to modern Italians; and I have inserted such various readings, as I thought deserving notice on account of their peculiarity. I have sometimes given the reasons for my preference; but the work would have extended to double the number of volumes, had I pretended to do so in every instance. This will be easily believed when it is remembered that there is scarcely a stanza which does not offer several various readings, and which would admit of long discussion, were I to indulge the humour of a commentator. I have never made the slightest change without giving to it the best attention, and the most mature consideration. However inelegant the construction, or inharmonious the versification might seem, I never yielded to the temptation of making any amendment, with the rash idea of improving the poem. Although none of the seven editions which I have collated offers one single stanza, probably, as I have printed it, yet my text is wholly derived from them. I have not departed from the rule of never altering without an authority, except in very few instances, when all the editions which I have consulted were so evidently wrong as to make nonsense; and even then I have had the pleasure of finding the alterations which I resolved upon making, supported by the old editions of Domenichi, the first of which I have constantly had under my eyes."

The volume begins with a life of Bojardo, which at once embraces a panoramic view of his own poem and its historical bearings; and for ingenuous inference and historical accuracy, research to find and great taste to select, is a model for poetical essays. The materials for Bojardo's life are few, and of slight interest; and Mr. Panizzi has most judiciously turned his attention to the history of the poem, rather than of the poet. We select the following anecdote for its rarity; few bards having been in such good plight.

" The poet in his younger days was fond of conversing with the old inhabitants of his castle respecting past events, and was very generous to those from whom he sought such information; so that, when one wished good luck to another, it was usual to say, 'Heaven send Bojardo to your house.'"

It is much to be regretted that we have no remains of the music which formerly accompanied poetry; on this subject our author remarks:—

" His poetry was not written to be read, but to be sung, and was submitted to those musical, as well as metrical laws, by which that of Petrarcha had been governed. In his days, music was still subject to poetry; and the inanimate instruments were designed to support, not to drown the human voice. Hence it is, that lyrical compositions, written since that period, and not intended to be accompanied by such music, are no longer possessed of the same melodious harmony. The lines of Petrarcha, with those of Dante, Guido Cavalcanti, and a few others of the same stamp, as well as those of Bojardo, breathe a strain of sweet, majestic, rich, and glowing melody, which has seldom, if ever, been seized by even the happiest imitators of Petrarcha. These imitators put forth their skill, and succeeded to a wonderful degree, in substituting a metrical harmony for melody. The distribution of accents, or pauses in the lines of the old bards, was determined by the musical time; and when the sister art ceased to be the inseparable companion of poetry, a spurious and artificial jingle was affected, whilst pure melody was no longer one of the principal elements of poetry. Hence, it is as difficult to understand by what means the lyrical effusions of those ancient poets read so peculiarly, and at the same time so simply musical, as it is impossible to emulate their exquisite beauty in this respect."

Among our own poets, Moore possesses this melody in its highest perfection. May not this then be ascribed to his writing to music, and his own musical recitation?—his own performance of his songs rather resembling harmonious and measured reciting, than what is now termed singing; for in our modern style of singing, the voice almost resigns its faculty of speech, to become certainly the sweetest of instruments.

" Bojardo received the traditions respecting Charlemagne as a foundation for his poem, but introduced at the same time a very important novelty by enlivening them with love, which is constantly banished from them in their primitive state. He went farther; he took for his principal hero, Orlando; and for the subject of his poem, the love of that hero, whilst the romancers agree in saying, that Orlando was never so foolish (or so noble-hearted) as to fall in love. The boldness of this innovation cannot now be fully appreciated, when the romantic traditions are matter of curious inquiry for the learned, instead of being the subject of popular belief, as they were in Bojardo's time. His daring to alter the stories generally received, is a sufficient proof of the self-confidence, as well as sound taste of the poet. He had perceived the charms, which love spread over the romantic traditions respecting Arthur and his court; and it was from the romances of the Round Table, as we shall see by Bojardo's own words, that he borrowed the idea of embellishing his poetical effusions with love and the ladies. He had the merit of being the first of the romanesque poets, who, faithful to the title which he gave to the work, wrote on the subject, as he had promised his readers he would do.

" Considering the succession of events, all tending to shew the love of Orlando for Angelica, and the mischief done by her beauty among the Christians, we cannot doubt this love to be the main action of the poem. The love of Orlando is the chief subject of the *Innamorato*, as the anger of Achilles is that of the *Iliad*. The events proceed and grow out of one another without interruption. Had not Orlando been in love with Angelica, he would

not have followed her to India; and thus he would have defended his king and his country from the invaders. Every event is attached to the first coming of Angelica into France, not only indirectly, but, in some cases, in the most direct manner. The Christians are beaten by the Saracens on account of Orlando's absence, just as the Greeks are by the Trojans, on account of the absence of Achilles; the absence in both cases is produced by the passions, which are sung by the poets; in Bojardo, love; in Homer, anger. The loss of the Christians, as well as that of the Greeks, is *indirectly* the effect of this love, and of this anger."

The analysis of many romantic traditions is given in a most animated style: witness the following.

" Agolante succeeded to the African throne. He was the father of Trojano, Almonte, and Galaciella, a heroine. The father of Agolante, who was called Bramante or Brabante, had been formerly killed by Charlemagne; and one of his sons, Guernieri, fell by the hand of Milone, the father of Orlando, and one of Charlemagne's bravest knights. Agolante, and his sons and daughters, determined upon invading Christendom, with the intention of revenging the death of Brabante and Guernieri; and, as the first step towards the accomplishment of this object, they attacked Italy. Being satisfied that the most terrible warrior they would have to engage with was Ruggero di Risa, or Reggio, in Calabria, they resolved to besiege that city, where the gallant knight, who was called after it Ruggero di Risa, lived with his father Rampallo or Rampaldo. Milone, a natural brother of Ruggero, and very brave, together with Beltrame, the eldest brother, a thorough villain, dwelt also in that place. In single combat Ruggero thrice smote down Galaciella in the most graceful manner possible. He was very loath to do so, but as the lady insisted upon fighting, he could not help knocking her down as often as she wished: when she was tired, he told her she was his prisoner. Never did knight gain a fairer prize. As he was one of the handsomest cavaliers that ever wielded a sword, some malicious persons suspected at the time that the battle was not fairly fought, but that the lady did her best to be taken prisoner. There are circumstances which would almost induce a belief that such was the case. For, it so happened, that as soon as he advised her to become a Christian, she yielded to his request, which was not supported by weighty theological arguments; nor is there any reason for believing that she was influenced by supernatural agency. Her conversion was followed by her marriage with Ruggero, to the great disappointment of Beltrame, who aspired to her hand. But Galaciella said, that she would marry no one except her conqueror. The traitor Beltrame, availing himself of the opportunity of being alone with the lady, had the assurance to claim a share in her affection; a proposal which she received and answered, as was becoming a young bride and a heroine. She disdainfully told him that his request was insulting; and as he would not cease to annoy her, she gave him a sound drubbing to teach him good manners. The villain then betrayed the city, Risa, into the hands of Almonte, who was besieging it; on that occasion Rampallo, Milone, and Ruggero, were murdered, and Galaciella was taken prisoner. It was then discovered that Beltrame, to induce Almonte to agree to the treachery, gave him to understand that Rampallo was unjustly partial to Ruggero, and would have left to him the dominions, to the prejudice of

Beltrame, who, as the eldest brother, had a better right to them. As this, however, proved to be a falsehood, Almonte, who regretted having been ensnared into an unworthy action, gave Galaciella leave to pass a sentence on the traitor, proportionate to his enormities, and he was therefore put to death. Almonte next strongly urged Galaciella to return to Africa, and apostatise, which she did not intend to do. But thinking this to be the only means of escaping from his hands, she pretended to consent, and was shipped off. On the high seas this brave heroine made a sudden assault on the sailors, part of whom she threw overboard, and did not cease till she had got rid of every one of them, by some means or other. Thus remaining the only person alive in the ship, she was driven by the wind to a solitary place, where Ruggero and Marfisa were born, and where also she died."

The *Orlando Innamorato* begins in this volume, and the notes affixed are most excellent: we quote one, as a specimen of the lively manner in which the writer seems himself touched with the spirit and sarcasm of his author.

" Galerana, or Galeana, was daughter of Galafro, King of Spain, and sister of Marsiglio, Balugante, and Falsirone. She fell in love with Charlemagne, who was five years older than herself, when he lived *incognito* as page at the Spanish court, his throne having been usurped by Oldrigi and Lanfroi. Seeing that the boy was rather shy, she told him that she was in love with him, and in due time they eloped. I wish the reader should not be scandalised at this. The ladies in romances are in general the first to make advances, because a hero must be irresistible in all respects. Hence, the eldest son usually wants to be legitimatized *per subsequens matrimonium*. Galerana was a very fine creature, and one Bramante of Africa, who was forty-five years of age, having gone into Arragon with thirty thousand men, to ask her in marriage, Galafro saw no objection; but Marsiglio, who 'was a very learned man, and fond of necromancers,' said 'that it was not reasonable that a lady only fifteen years old should marry a man who was forty-five,' and the others agreed with him. These stories are told in the *Reali di Francia*, which I believe to have been written by a young blue-stocking, married to an old man; and this I judge, from seeing the great aversion which the writer invariably expresses at any such marriage."

Every library, aspiring to add the treasures of other languages to our own, will be deficient without this requisite and excellent work; and we cannot but think such a production will awaken, and turn much attention to the fair field of Italian literature. Mr. Panizzi has done credit to his own country, and service to ours: we wish his undertaking all the success it merits, and we can scarcely say more.

#### *Lyell's Principles of Geology.*

(Second Notice.)

In resuming the notice, begun in our last Number, of Mr. Lyell's "Principles of Geology," we confess ourselves unable to do full justice to the work, without going more at length into the subject than is compatible with our miscellaneous columns. We shall, however, bring together a few of the points in which the author differs in opinion from former geologists, accompanied by some extracts, shewing to what extent he has succeeded in rendering the subject attractive for the general reader.

Mr. Lyell is of opinion, that the very commonly received notion among geologists, that the organic remains found in the several strata, from the lower red sand-stone to the tertiary series, had a progressive developement in the order of creation, is erroneous; and this opinion he supports, by citing an instance of the remains of fish being found in Perthshire in quarries of the old red sand-stone, which is lower in the series than the coal or mountain limestone. The vertebrae of a reptile has also been found in the mountain limestone of Northumberland, which the author deems conclusive as to the fact of the higher class of animals, as well as testacea and vegetable remains, having existed at the very remote era when the oldest of the secondary class of strata were deposited. Some farther researches, however, are necessary to determine this point satisfactorily.

The comparatively recent origin of the human race, Mr. Lyell also considers as affording no argument in favour of that progressive order of animal creation which is contended for by some geological writers; and which is supported by a mass of very strong inductive evidence against the few isolated facts advanced in the present work. But we must allow the author the benefit of his own evidence. " Assuming, then, that man is, comparatively speaking, of modern origin, can his introduction be considered as one step in a progressive system, by which, as some suppose, the organic world advanced slowly from a more simple to a more perfect state? To this question we may reply, that the superiority of man depends not on those faculties and attributes which he shares in common with the inferior animals, but on his reason, by which he is distinguished from them. If the organisation of man were such as would confer a decided pre-eminence on him even if he were deprived of his reasoning powers, and provided only with such instincts as are possessed by the lower animals, he might then be supposed to be a link in a progressive chain, especially if it could be shewn that the successive developement of the animal creation had always proceeded from the more simple to the more compound, from species most remote from the human type to those most nearly approaching to it. But this is an hypothesis which is wholly unsupported by geological evidence. On the other hand we may admit, that man is of higher dignity than were any pre-existing beings on the earth, and yet question whether his coming was a step in the gradual advancement of the organic world; for the most highly civilised people may sometimes degenerate in strength and stature, and become inferior in their physical attributes to the stock of rude hunters from whom they descended."

Leaving this difficult problem for the determination of our metaphysical readers, we shall proceed to give an extract which will be far more generally interesting, as illustrating in a remarkable degree the influence of running water in excavating deep valleys and depositing the débris of rocks in the bottoms of lakes and the mouths of rivers. After shewing the powerful agency of mountain torrents in excavating valleys through the soft, calcareous, and volcanic deposits of Italy and other parts of Europe, the author observes:

"The falls of Niagara afford a magnificent example of the progressive excavation of a deep valley in solid rock. That river flows from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, the former being 330 feet above the latter, and the distance between them being thirty-two miles. On flowing out of the upper lake, the river is almost on

a level with its banks; so that if it should rise perpendicularly eight or ten feet, it would lay under water the adjacent flat country of Upper Canada on the west, and the state of New York on the east. The river where it issues is about three quarters of a mile in width. Before reaching the falls it is propelled with great rapidity, being a mile broad, about twenty-five feet deep, and having a descent of fifty feet in half a mile." After this immense body of water has been precipitated over a precipice of 160 feet, "the bed of the river below the falls is strewed over with huge fragments which have been hurled down into the abyss. By the continual destruction of the rocks, the falls have within the last forty years receded nearly fifty yards, or, in other words, the ravine has been prolonged to that extent. Through this deep chasm the Niagara flows for about seven miles, and then the table-land, which is almost on a level with Lake Erie, suddenly sinks down at a place called Queenstown, and the river emerges from the ravine into a plain which continues to the shores of Lake Ontario. There seems good reason for the general opinion, that the falls were once at Queenstown, and that they have gradually retrograded from that place to their present position, about seven miles distant. If the ratio of recession had never exceeded fifty yards in forty years, it must have required nearly 10,000 years for the excavation of the whole ravine; but no probable conjecture can be offered as to the probable period of time consumed in such an operation, because the retrograde movement may have been much more rapid when the whole current was confined within a space not exceeding a fourth or a fifth of that which the falls now occupy. Should the erosive action not be accelerated in future, it will require upwards of 30,000 years for the falls to reach Lake Erie (twenty-five miles distant), to which they seem destined to arrive in the course of time, unless some earthquake changes the relative levels of the district. Should Lake Erie remain in its present state until the period when the ravine recedes to its shores, the sudden escape of that great body of water would cause a tremendous deluge; for the ravine would be much more than sufficient to drain the whole lake, of which the average depth was found, during the late survey, to be only ten or twelve fathoms. But in consequence of its shallowness, Lake Erie is fast filling up with sediment; and the annual growth of the deltas of many rivers and torrents which flow into it is remarkable."

We do not remember any preceding geological writer giving a satisfactory theory of the production of those enormous masses of rock salt which contribute so materially to the mineral riches of this country, and certain portions of the European continent. Alluding to the constant current which flows from the Atlantic into the basin of the Mediterranean, and the fresh water carried off by evaporation, being the only outlet for this vast mass of water, flowing in on all sides, from the Black Sea in the east, to Gibraltar in the west, of Europe. Mr. Lyell pertinently asks:—

"What then becomes of the excess of salt? —for this is an inquiry of the highest geological interest. The Rhone, the Po, and many hundred minor streams, pour annually into the Mediterranean large quantities of carbonate of lime, together with iron, magnesia, silica, alumina, sulphur, and other ingredients, in solution. To explain why the influx of this matter does not alter the composition of this sea, has never been thought to present a great

difficulty; for it is known that calcareous rocks are forming in the delta of the Rhone, the Adriatic, and other localities. Precipitation is acknowledged to be the means whereby the surplus mineral matter is disposed of, after the consumption of a certain portion in the secretion of testacea and zoophytes. But some have imagined, that before muriate of soda can in like manner be precipitated, the whole Mediterranean ought to become saturated with salt, as the brine springs of Cheshire, or Lake Aral, or the Dead Sea. There is, however, an essential difference between these cases; for the Mediterranean is not only incomparably greater than these two basins, but its depth is enormous. In the narrowest parts of the straits of Gibraltar, where they are about nine miles broad, between the isle of Tariffa and Alcanar point, the depth varies from one hundred and sixty to five hundred fathoms; but between Gibraltar and Ceuta, Captain Smyth sounded to the extraordinary depth of nine hundred and fifty fathoms! where he found a gravelly bottom, with fragments of shells. Saussure sounded to the depth of two thousand feet, within a few yards of the shore at Nice. What profundity may we not, then, expect some of the recesses of this sea to reach? The evaporation being very rapid, the surface water becomes impregnated with a slight excess of salt; and its specific gravity being thus increased, it falls to the bottom, while lighter water supplies its place at top from the current of the Atlantic and the great rivers. But the heavier fluid does not merely fall to the bottom, but flows on till it reaches the lowest part of one of those submarine basins into which we must suppose the bottom of this inland sea to be divided. By the continuance of this process, additional supplies of brine are annually carried to deep repositories, until the lower strata of water are fully saturated, and precipitation takes place—not in thin films, such as are said to cover the alluvial marshes along the western shores of the Euxine, nor in minute layers, like those of the salt 'estangs' of the Rhone—but on the grandest scale,—continuous masses of pure rock salt, extending perhaps for hundreds of miles in length, like those of the mountains of Poland, Hungary, Transylvania, and Spain."

It is a question of vast geographical interest to future generations, and scarcely less to the present proprietors and occupiers of land on our eastern and southern coast, to investigate the destructive agency that is continually going on by the water of the ocean. We therefore think the following remarks of Mr. Lyell worthy of much attention.

"The current which flows from the north-east, and bears against our eastern coast (of England) transports materials of various kinds. It undermines and sweeps away the granite, gneis, trap-rock, and sand-stone of Shetland, and removes the gravel and loam of Holderness, Norfolk, and Suffolk, which are between fifty and two hundred and fifty feet in height, and which wastes at the rate of from one to six yards annually. It bears away the strata of London clay on the coast of Essex and Sheppey, consumes the chalk with its flints for many miles continuously on the shores of Kent and Sussex, commits annual ravages on the freshwater beds covered by chalk, and continually saps the foundation of the Portland limestone. It receives, besides, during the rainy months, large supplies of pebbles, sand, and mud, which the Grampians, Cheviots, and other chains, send down to the sea. To what regions then is all this matter consigned? It is not retained in

mechanical suspension by the waters of the sea, nor does it mix with them in a state of chemical solution. It is deposited somewhere, yet certainly not in the immediate neighbourhood of our shores; for in that case there would soon be a cessation of the encroachments of the sea, and large tracts of low land, like Romney Marsh, would every where encircle our island. As there is now a depth of water exceeding thirty feet in some spots where cities flourished but a few centuries ago, it is clear that the current not only carries far away the materials of the wasted cliffs, but tears up, besides, many of the regular strata at the bottom of the sea. The German Ocean is deepest on the Norwegian side, where the soundings give one hundred and ninety fathoms; but the mean depth of the whole basin may be stated at only thirty-one fathoms. The bed of this sea is encumbered in an extraordinary degree with accumulations of débris, especially in the middle. One of the great central banks trends from the Firth of Forth north-east to a distance of one hundred and ten miles; others run from Denmark and Gutland upwards of one hundred miles to the north-west; while the great Dogger bank extends to three hundred and fifty-four miles from north to south."

Could we look into the womb of futurity a few thousand years, we should, in all probability, witness the whole of these sand-banks united into one mass, and become the habitation of man and the inferior animal creation!

Mr. Lyell pursues the same course in the investigation of volcanic phenomena as he adopts in examining the effects of diluvial action on the earth's surface. Instead of labouring to establish some favourite hypothesis regarding the origin of volcanoes, as many preceding geologists had done, the author proceeds at once to the registry of facts and observations derived either from the most unquestionable authorities, or in many cases from his own examination. The practical tone which characterises this portion of his volume may be judged of by the following remark connected with the production and decomposition of volcanic lavas.

"They who have visited the Phleorean fields, and the volcanic region of Italy, and are aware of the many problematical appearances which igneous rocks of the most modern origin assume during their decomposition, cannot but be astonished at the confidence with which the contending Neptunists and Vulcanists in the last century dogmatized on the igneous or aqueous origin of certain rocks of the remotest antiquity. Instead of having laboured to acquire an accurate acquaintance with the aspect of known volcanic rocks, and the transmutations which they undergo subsequently to their first consolidation, the adherents of both parties seem either to consider themselves born with an intuitive knowledge of the effects of volcanic operations, or to have assumed, that they required no other analogies than those which a laboratory and furnace might supply."

These remarks appear to be as much levelled at the empirical system of geology taught in our northern universities, as at the wild hypotheses of Messrs. De Luc, Saussure, and other geologists of the last century.

Mr. Lyell is so disinclined to speculation, that it is difficult to trace any thing like a theory throughout his volume, explanatory of the origin of volcanic agency. In this respect we think the author has shewn his good judgment; for the subject may be said to have been previously exhausted by the very able researches

of Messrs. Daubeny and Scrope. But in spite of the great interest which attaches to the subject, our limits warn us to give only another extract from Mr. Lyell's present volume, and we select one descriptive of a phenomenon of the most extraordinary kind, to which the author himself bore witness within the last two years:—

"A remarkable discovery has lately been made on Etna, of a mass of ice, preserved for many ages, perhaps for centuries, from melting, by the singular event of a current of red hot lava having flowed over it. The following are the facts in attestation of a phenomenon which must at first sight appear of so paradoxical a character. The extraordinary heat experienced in the south of Europe during the summer and autumn of 1828, caused the supplies of snow and ice, which had been preserved in the spring of that year, for the use of Catania and the adjoining parts of Sicily and the neighbouring island of Malta, to fail entirely. Considerable distress was felt for the want of a commodity regarded in these countries as one of the necessities of life rather than an article of luxury, and on the abundance of which, in some large cities, the salubrity of the water and the general health of the people may be said to depend. The magistrates of Catania applied to Signor M. Gemmelaro, in the hope that his local knowledge of Etna might enable him to point out some crevice or grotto in the mountain where drift snow was still preserved. Nor were they disappointed: for he had long suspected that a small mass of perennial ice at the foot of the highest cone was part of a larger and continuous glacier covered by a lava current. Having procured a large body of workmen, he quarried into this ice, and proved the super-position of the lava for several hundred yards, so as completely to satisfy himself that nothing but the subsequent flowing of the lava over the ice could account for the position of the glacier. Unfortunately for the geologist, the ice was so extremely hard, and the excavation so expensive, that there is no probability of the operation being renewed. On the 1st of December, 1828, I visited this spot, which is on the south-east side of the cone, and not far from the Casa Inglese; but the fresh snow had already nearly filled up the new opening, so that it had only the appearance of the mouth of a grotto. I do not, however, question the accuracy of the conclusion of Signor Gemmelaro, who being well acquainted with all the appearances of drift-snow in the fissures and cavities of Etna, had recognised, even before the late excavations, the peculiar position of the ice in this locality. We may suppose, that at the commencement of the eruption a deep mass of drift snow had been covered by volcanic sand, showered down upon it before the descent of the lava. A dense stratum of this fine dust mixed with scoria is well known to be an excellent non-conductor of heat, and may thus have preserved the snow from complete fusion when the burning fluid poured over it. The shepherds in the higher regions of Etna are accustomed to provide an annual store of snow to supply their flocks with water in the summer months, by simply strewing over the snow in the spring a layer of volcanic sand a few inches thick, which effectually prevents the sun from penetrating. When lava had once consolidated over a glacier at the height of ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, we may readily conceive that the ice would endure as long as the snows of Mont Blanc, unless melted by volcanic heat from below. When I visited the great crater in the beginning of

winter (1828), I found the crevices in the interior encrusted with thick ice, and in some cases hot vapours were streaming out between masses of ice and the rugged and steep walls of the crater. After the discovery of Signor Gemmelaro, it would not be surprising to find in the cones of the Icelandic volcanoes repeated alternations of lava streams and glaciers."

This fact affords a decisive proof of the slow conducting power of the igneous class of rocks, whether in the mass, or broken into scoria by volcanic action; while it serves to confirm the commonly received opinion among geologists of the present day, that the surface of the earth, including the basin of the ocean, is nothing more than a crust or shell enclosing vast masses of mineral matter in a state of incandescence or partial fusion. Yet to what limits these fiery vaults may extend, it is impossible to form any estimate. Volcanic eruptions and earthquakes may be distinctly traced throughout three-fourths of the continents and nine-tenths of the islands which constitute the habitable globe. But we have no data whereon to form any adequate conception of the amount of volcanic agency constantly going on in the sub-marine regions of the Atlantic and Pacific!

We cannot dismiss the work before us without thanking the author for the vast mass of evidence he has condensed into a small compass, on one of the most interesting inquiries which can occupy the attention of mankind. We observe a few repetitions, and some other minor blemishes in style and classification; but we have no hesitation in stating, that Mr. Lyell's labours must have the effect of dispelling many of the mists which have hitherto concealed, and removing much of the delta which has obstructed, the current of geological knowledge.

*Col. Welsh's Reminiscences of the East Indies.*  
(Third notice.)

WHILE at the post up the country where our last quotation left Col. Welsh, he paid two visits to Coorg, a place and government so remarkable, that we must afford as much space as we can to his striking accounts of both.

"The kingdom of Coorg, situated to the westward of Mysore, is of small extent, being comprised within the twelfth degree of north latitude, and the seventy-fifth and seventy-sixth degrees of east longitude. It is about fifty miles in length, and thirty-five only in the broadest part. Surrounded by lofty mountains, for the most part inaccessible, it contains many others, scattered over the interior surface, forming a succession of wild rugged hills and highly cultivated valleys; and, as if this were not sufficient to confirm its title to the appellation of a 'strong country,' they have divided the whole interior into squares. Those where no streams or marshes are contained, being generally about a mile in width, with an enormous ditch and high mound or bank, formed by the original contents of the ditch, and covered, inside and out, with deep jungle, in which are included many enormous forest trees. Some of these enclosures have four apertures for ingress and regress, one in each face, particularly those through which the principal roads pass, and which consequently present so many strong barriers against an approaching enemy. Every hill and mountain is also covered with jungle; the finest teak, jack, mango, and other large trees, growing spontaneously in a country watered by numerous streams, and continual fog and misty clouds, which, from its

great height, even above the Mysore, are attracted by the hills, and cover them during the night. In such a country, no town or village meets the eye until you are close upon it; but though I have traversed nearly the whole, at different times, I do not remember to have seen above six or eight villages throughout; and I am, indeed, inclined to pronounce the majority of its inhabitants to be wild elephants, tigers, bears, bisons, buffalos, hyenas, civets, elks, deer, antelopes, and minor game. With such resources, it is easy to ensure a day's sport, by opening the barriers of one or more enclosures for some time previous, and, when required, to secure them simultaneously. In the days of Hyder's successful usurpation of the Musnud of Mysore, the reigning Rajah of Coorg was defeated and taken prisoner by this Mussulman prince, and carried to Mysore, where he was kindly treated from policy, and persuaded the usurper, that if he would send him back to his own country, he would prevail on all his subjects to submit to the Mussulman yoke, they having previously taken themselves to their hills and fastnesses, from whence he could neither drive nor recall them. This man's name was Vérfjundér: it is said that he took an oath of fidelity to Hyder before he was released, and that, in after times, he boasted of this breach of faith. Be that as it may, he proved himself an able statesman, if such a term be applicable to a mountain chief; since he improved the natural fortifications of his kingdom, built towns, formed an armed militia, and successfully defied his former conqueror. After the death of Tippoo, this extraordinary man went suddenly mad, and in one day destroyed one thousand two hundred of his relations and principal nobles, leaving, under an erroneous idea of his imbecility, only one younger brother alive, of all the males of his family. Vérfjundér did not long survive this act, and most likely such a man was assisted out of this world by some of the trembling slaves by whom he was attended. I had, however, nearly omitted to mention the act of all others which stamped his conduct with the most indelible character of insanity. There was an old woman who had confidentially attended him for years, cooked his victuals, and frequented the interior of his palace, and a child, only a few years old, who was born there, a relation of this woman. After completing the work of destruction, in which he had played a conspicuous part, assisted by several elephants and soldiers in the court-yard, he retired into his study; the old woman came in to offer her services, followed by the child, when he immediately stabbed the woman, and, seizing the child, laid it upon his table, and deliberately dissected it with a penknife. He was succeeded by the boy whom his blindness had spared, and left him immense wealth, as well as most absolute power over all his subjects, and every kind of property in his little kingdom; indeed, I blush to write it, the absolute deity of his ignorant and misguided people. Such, in March 1811, was Lingrajunder Wadeer, to whom I carried an introduction from the Honourable Arthur Cole, resident in Mysore, who was also nominal resident in Coorg."

The reception was most magnificent, and every kind of sport was liberally provided. After shooting, hunting, &c. the author says:

"On entering his palace, we were amused by a set of dancing girls, keeping time to reels and country dances played on two fiddles; and the Mahá Swámee shewed us various portraits of himself, the King, the Prince of Wales, General Wellesley, &c. He then took us into ano-

ther apartment, and shewed us a dozen of highly finished single and double rifles, by Manton and Jover; fowling-pieces, pistols, &c. there an air-gun, which he desired us to try. It was now seven P.M. and torch-light had succeeded the day-light in his court-yard; we took aim out of the window at various things, and hit them, and I even knocked down a lime, a species of small lemon, off the top of a coconut; so uncommonly true did it carry. His son and several relations were next introduced to us, all fine-looking boys; and the heir apparent, being about seven or eight years old, dressed in a general's uniform, with a sword by his side, put me in mind of some old French prints, in which the girls are dressed in hoops and farthingales, and the boys with bag-wigs and small swords. Ram-fights, &c. were going on all this time in the yard, as it were to amuse the attendants; and two of the rams had four horns each. Then a lion made his appearance, led by a dozen men, with a strong rope. He appeared very tame, played with his leaders, and suffered me to go up to him and pat him on the back. I acknowledge this was a bit of bravado on my part, and I was by no means sure how it would be received. Thank God! it turned out well; though there was more folly than judgment in the attempt. Next came a large royal tiger and two panthers, the former having his claws pared, but very savage, trying every instant to break loose. We took leave at half-past seven, quite pleased with the kind and affable treatment of this prince, who, I am inclined to believe, is adored by his people."

He was, as it appeared in the sequel, grievously mistaken: but we proceed with these characteristic extracts.

"After all our exertions of this day, it may readily be supposed we slept soundly; and on the morning of the 23d rose betimes as usual, a custom which I most strenuously recommend to all young men doomed to spend any time in the East, and went to visit the rajah's stud and elephants, and amongst the latter found a young white one, about two years old, most perfectly formed, with flaxen hair, light eyes, and fair skin. Of these animals, as his country abounds in them, he has great abundance. After breakfast, we were astonished by a visit from the Mahá Swámee, in state. No longer disguised in a European dress, he appeared in his native robes, richly decorated with jewels, and cernes, in my eyes, he appeared a much handsomer man. He sat a few minutes, and then told us that he had received intelligence of a wild elephant, and would, if we pleased, accompany us to go and shoot him. To us this was the most acceptable offer he could have made. We retired to prepare ourselves and our shooting apparatus, and, on our return from our own rooms, found his highness ready, with elephants and attendants. Away we set, the rajah himself driving the one I rode, sitting across its neck, with a hook in the right hand and a knife in the other, to cut down any small branches of trees likely to inconvenience me in the excursion. 'Such a man,' thought I, 'at the head of his followers, must be invincible,—so perfectly different from the effeminate grandeur of most eastern potentates.' Arrived at the spot, which was only about a mile off, we dismounted; and while the people were preparing seats on trees for our reception, amused ourselves by shooting arrows at a mark, in which, as usual, the rajah beat us hollow. When all was ready, each climbed his own tree, the rajah between us, and sat in a snug little wicker-box with three guns of the rajah's each, and two of his eunuchs

to load our pieces. The rajah had a single rifle carrying a twelve-ounce ball, and two double ones, of one ounce each. Williamson had a single rifle of two ounces, a double Manton of one ounce, and his own double fowling-piece. I had a single Jover of four ounces, a double Manton of one ounce, and my own double Beckwith; and before we ascended, the rajah explained to us where to take aim, &c. which, in an elephant, is a projecting spot immediately over each eye. This space, in the smallest, will be about four inches, and in the largest nearly eight inches in diameter; and the eunuchs were to advise us when the game was near enough to fire. After four hours' watching, while tom-toms were beating, collyry horns blowing, and English drums sounding the general, the monster made his appearance, strutting in all the pride and wantonness of his enormous strength, and laying down every obstacle that opposed his passage. He came close under Williamson's gun, who fired and killed him on the spot. The creature rolled over instantaneously, carrying away several small trees as he extended his enormous bulk upon the ground. For a minute afterwards, the successful sportsman, unused to such game, sat with his mouth open, gazing in utter amazement at the mighty proof of his own prowess; while the rajah and myself, more used to such scenes, descending by our wicker ladders, were on the top of the carcass in a moment. It stood ten feet high, and was in excellent condition; the tusks were two feet outside, and nearly three feet long when extracted; and the length of the body was very nearly the same as its height. He had been very violent all the morning, bearing what the natives call *must*, and had demolished the huts and plantations of several of the ryot or farmers, in his way to meet his *quietus*. At such seasons the elephant is very dangerous, and blindly rushes on every thing that opposes him; at other times, though very furious when wounded, he is rather timid, and will not be the aggressor in a fray."

In 1812, the year following his first, our countryman paid his second visit to Coorg, and we select the following particulars relative to it:

"The little white elephant had grown considerably, but his skin was getting darker, and he appeared to be in bad health."

On the first day's sport, in a jungle beset by several thousand natives:—"After three hours' beating, we collected our game within shot of our post, and marched home with eight elks, a monkey, squirrel, and jungle fowl. Of the former I killed three, Lieutenant Pridham two, and Lieutenants Meredith and Davies, one each; the peons killed one, besides lesser game. Our eunuchs and rajah's people would not permit any of us to quit our places of safety ere the whole was over, and told us it would cost them their lives if any accident happened to us. We were, therefore, literally state prisoners, *pro tempore*. Not one of the elks could be carried by fewer than six men, and they generally took twelve and fourteen, after being tied to bamboos for that purpose. We therefore cut no small figure, with our game following, on our return to Cuggore, where we found a capital English tiffin waiting for us. The horns of one of the elks being nearly a yard long, with several branches, and extremely heavy, we naturally concluded that the beast who could carry them without inconvenience, must have been very thick-headed."

"I killed a junglee buckrah, or wood-goat, with a single ball, while running like the wind: it was a very curious animal, with a body the

same colour and size of a deer, having exceedingly short legs, and therefore its swiftness must proceed from the length and strength of its body; it had short branching antlers, and was so extraordinary an animal altogether, that I preserved the head and antlers on it, till Lady Hood, passing through Bangalore, collecting curiosities, I gave it to her. It was the only animal of the kind I ever saw in my life.

"A panther was started, but he escaped, from the density of the jungle. We got into our palanquins at sunset, and having moved in great state, with every one of our three thousand attendants carrying a lighted fire-stick, arrived at our pavilion half-past eight P.M., actually illuminating all the country through which we passed.

"I have observed, that every square league, or mile, occasionally, is marked out into a kind of fortification; having a high bank, deep ditch, hedge, and barrier. This renders the country extremely strong in a military point of view, every man being a good marksman, and famous for sporting: because two thousand men can do more, in such enclosures, than ten, or even twenty thousand, in equally thick jungle, without these advantages. I remarked, also, this evening, from my bed-room window, an immense concourse of people, seemingly labourers, winding through a distant road; and mentioning the circumstance at dinner, I observed it threw a damp on the countenances of the attendants, amongst whom, in spite of all my entreaties to the contrary, I saw the native officer of our honorary guard. No one would satisfy my curiosity. I therefore changed the subject, and speaking to my old friend the butler, asked him how he came to be so sickly since I last saw him, and what had become of four fat Bengalees, who amused me with their civilities when I was last there? A part of their duty being to run after us, if we only went into the garden for a moment; one carrying a chair, another a juglet of water, a third a bottle and tumbler; as if an European could not exist a minute without such accompaniments. He turned pale, and trembled; told me he had had a fever, but was now better, and that the other men were gone away. I rallied him on his grave appearance, and inquired if he was not happy. He immediately replied, 'Happy! he must be happy in such a service; that every one, under the Mâhâ Swâmee, enjoyed happiness.' I immediately launched forth in his praise, and I observed this gave Mahomed pleasure; little did I dream, that every word he or I uttered, would be instantly repeated to the rajah; yet, fortunately, every thing I then had to say was favourable. On retiring to rest, and sitting down to bring up my journal, the occurrences of the day passing in review, I began to ruminate particularly on the workmen I had seen, and all the repairs I had witnessed in the fort and barriers. It immediately struck me that the rajah, mistaking a late prohibition of Europeans passing through his country, issued in consequence of the gross misconduct of two officers, both since dismissed from the King's and Company's service, had imagined the British were going to declare war against him, and was consequently fortifying his country; and I supposed the work-people were employed on some strong place in the neighbourhood. Having obtained special permission for myself and companions, I therefore determined that I would immediately undeceive him, as an act of kindness to both parties. Rising very early on the 25th, we took a quiet walk in the garden, and

returning up stairs, were followed by Mahomed Sahib, the butler, who entreated to speak with me in private, and to request Lieutenant Meredith to remain in the veranda, to prevent any one from listening. This we acquiesced in; and no sooner were we alone in the bed-chamber, than he threw himself at my feet, and entreated me, by the memory of his old master, to save his life. I was perfectly thunderstruck; raised him up, and desired him to explain himself; when he told me a tale which harrowed my soul. The four Bengalees, whom I had left fat and happy, had become dissatisfied with promises, and wages protracted and never paid; they had demanded their dismissal, and had, in consequence, been inhumanly murdered. He himself had applied for leave, and was immediately mulcted of all he had, and his thumbs squeezed in screws, made on purpose, and used in native courts; his body flagellated, and a threat held out, that the next offence would be punished with death. That the rajah being acknowledged as the god of the country, exercised the supposed right without remorse and without control. That, for instance, if a poor fellow, standing in his presence, with both hands joined in adoration, as of the Supreme, incessantly calling out Mâhâ Swâmee! or Great God! should be suddenly bit by a mosquito, and loosen his hands to scratch; a sign, too well known, would instantly be made by this *soi-disant* deity, and the poor wretch be a head shorter in a twinkling. This, he told me, had been the fate of the fine-looking Parsee interpreter, whom I had seen at my last visit, who, having built a house, and amassed some wealth, was beheaded, and his property seized for the state; and this, he also assured me, was the fate of every man who entered the country, if he ever attempted to quit it again: and the rajah, admitting his troops to a share in the plunder, bound them to his interests by chains of adamant. He entreated me to take him with me out of the country, which, he said, could be easily accomplished, because he must accompany me to the barrier; but I could not listen to such a proposal, and at once told him so. To connive at the escape of one of the rajah's servants, while I was his guest, would have been a direct breach of hospitality, which I could not consent to practise. But learning, on some further conversation, that the native officer, under the appearance of an honorary guard, was placed there as a spy over every word and action of every gentleman who lived in that palace; I proposed to enter into such conversation with him, in Hindooostanee, as being reported, might induce the rajah to grant him leave."

We need not give the details, how this was managed; but conclude with the finale.

"With all his kindness, I could not help remarking, that his highness had lost some of his affability, so easily are we led by circumstances, or by previous opinion, to fancy what, perhaps, has no existence. His conduct to us throughout had been kind and condescending, beyond that of any native prince I ever knew, and was never equalled, in after times, but by the Rajah of Nepaunee. He was particularly fond of the flower of the Calderah, called in Hindooostanee Kewrah, the odour of which is generally too strong for English organs, but sweet beyond any flower in the East. No man in his dominions dare use it, all being the property of the Mâhâ Swâmee; as the finest flowers of their gardens are appropriated solely to the decoration of their temples, by all the other natives of India. The sequel may as

well be anticipated here, to connect the whole in one. A few months after, when in my own house at Bangalore, I was surprised by the sudden appearance of Mahomed Sahib, extremely emaciated, ill-dressed, and with a picture in his hand. He threw himself at my feet, and told me I had saved his life; that the rajah had given him four months' leave, and desired him to carry his picture to me in proof thereof. I refused it, however, when he told me he had returned a beggar, being stripped of every thing at the last barrier; but that he never would return. I saw him in a good place, shortly afterwards, well and happy. The rajah, Lingrajunder Wadeer, died in the year 1820, and was succeeded on the Musnud by his son, whom I had seen an infant in 1810. I have heard of no cruelties committed by the present Mâhâ Swâmee, who is described as a mild, inoffensive young man. The English have had, however, little or no intercourse with that country, since 1811, a road being opened through Wynaund to the Malabar coast, and a capital ghat made by our own pioneers. I have omitted to mention, that as this country abounds with royal tigers, it is absolutely necessary that they should be hunted every season, and the former rajah seldom killed fewer than there were days in the year; and invariably gave a gold bangle to the first man who should touch the tiger after he had fired, which must make brave soldiers."

*The Northern Tourist; or, Stranger's Guide to the North and North-West of Ireland.* By Philip Dixon Hardy, Esq., M.R.I.A. Dublin, 1830. Curry and Co.

A GUIDE-BOOK, exceedingly creditable "in the getting up" to the Irish press, and, as far as we can judge, the literary portion executed with great care, and a strict adherence to truth. From the many amusing anecdotes interspersed through this volume, we select the following.

"Some writers have stated the number of islands in Strangford Lough to be upwards of two hundred, but it has been ascertained that there are not more than fifty-four. Some are inhabited; on others cattle of various kinds are kept by the proprietors of the grounds on the opposite shore. Upon one of them there is a very extensive rabbit-warren. The individual who resides on this island had for many years derived a considerable income from the sale of the rabbit-skins, and although he had erected a very good house, he never once dreamed of paying any thing in the shape of excise or taxes. At length, however, a tax-gatherer, who had paid a visit to the houses on the neighbouring shore, beheld with anxious gaze the goodly edifice which presented itself upon the island, and determined upon visiting it in the name of his majesty. The proprietor of the place, having been in the habit of receiving visits from persons who came to purchase his skins, and supposing the taxman to be one of them, sent off a boat to fetch him to the island. On reaching the place, the man of taxes began to make various inquiries as to the time the house had been erected, the number of windows, hearths, &c. it contained; and, having gained the desired information, he immediately demanded, on behalf of his majesty, a considerable sum, as the amount of taxes and arrears due upon the place. In vain the poor man protested against the proceeding, as an imposition—in vain he contended, that the demand never having been made before, he had no right to pay it then. The stranger was inexorable, and nothing would satisfy him but

the payment of the money down, or, in default thereof, he threatened to return direct, with a party of the army, and lead, drive, and carry away all that he could find upon the island. At length, fearing such a catastrophe, and finding every effort to soften the hard heart of the exciseman completely fruitless, the poor man paid down the amount demanded, and got a regular acknowledgment for the same; and the officer, having put the money in his pocket, haughtily desired that he might be put ashore. ‘No, no,’ said the old man; ‘although his majesty may compel me to pay taxes, he cannot compel me to keep a boat to row you, and the likes of you, back and forward.’ After many threats and entreaties, the islander at last consented, as he had brought his visitor over, to give him ‘*a bit of a row*’ back again; and both getting into the boat, along with a young lad, son to the proprietor, they pulled for some time in the direction of the shore. When about midway, however, the islander, quietly laying down his oar, informed the officer, that although he had promised to give him ‘*a bit of a row*’, he had never any intention of taking him the entire way, and that he must now do the best he could, as he was himself obliged to return to the island, or that they would land him on Phaddy Lhug, (a large rock, which was visible at low water, but was many feet beneath the surface at full tide)—from which, if he shouted loud enough, perhaps some of his friends on the shore might hear him, and send a boat to convey him the remainder of the distance. On the other protesting against such conduct, and insisting that they should continue their labour, and take him ashore—the old man, pulling his oar into the boat, and desiring his son to do the same, very drily observed, that if the gentleman did not wish to quit the boat, they would not insist upon his doing so, as they ‘could swim like two water-dogs,’ and thus easily regain the island; but that if he chose to pay him for it, they would willingly land him at any place he wished. Finding himself outwitted by the islanders, the officer deemed it the more advisable way to accede to the terms proposed—when, to his astonishment, he found that the demand was nothing less than the entire amount he had received for the taxes, together with a receipt for those of the following year, and a special engagement, that he would never again return to that island to demand taxes or excise. Hard as the terms were, he was at length compelled to accede to them, rather than take the alternative of being left to drift out to sea in an open boat, on a tide which, at the time, was running at the rate of nine miles an hour, with scarcely a hope of relief from any quarter. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that having paid back the money, and given the required receipt, the crest-fallen tax-man was put safely ashore, and never again visited the island, or trusted himself in company with so tricky a customer as the old dealer in rabbit-skinning.”

Mr. Hardy, in some of his notes, is pleasantly enough severe upon the blunders of former writers: take for example the observation which he makes, after noticing the village of Crumlin.

“The following extraordinary description of this small place appears in the *Topographical Dictionary of the United Kingdom*, published in London, in the year 1826! ‘Antrim, eighty-four miles from Dublin, is the capital of the county of the same name. There is a good road and pier here; but the custom-house, which was formerly established, has, in conse-

quence of its increased trade, been transferred to Belfast!!!’ Of the accuracy of the foregoing, the reader will be able to form a correct idea, when informed that the said capital of Antrim is a small inland town, not less than twelve miles distant from any part of the coast. As, however, Mr. Wright also mentions that there was at one time a custom-house here, we suppose such to have been the case, but are inclined to suspect it must have been for some time ‘before the flood,’ when, as has been suggested by a learned writer, Lough Neagh formed a part of the Irish Sea, or Northern Channel!”

And again, speaking of a monument of the Chichester family at Carrickfergus, near the base of which an old author (M’Skimin) mentions “tablets of black marble, with a very long inscription in English.” Mr. Hardy remarks:—

“The inscriptions on these tablets must have certainly undergone some very extraordinary metamorphose since the period at which they they were viewed by Mr. Wright, in the year 1823, as he informs us they were at that time in Latin—they are at present all in English!!”

*Brighton; a Comic Sketch.* Seven Wood Engravings by R. Cruikshank. Pp. 36. Kidd. A HUMOROUS little poem, with a number of commendable puns, after the manner, but not up to the merit, of Hood’s Hunts, &c. The cuts do not strike us as being peculiarly applicable to Brighton: though clever enough, they might as well apply to London or York; and of one of them, the drunken party, we cannot express our approbation.

*The Midsummer Medley for 1830. A Series of Comic Tales, Sketches, &c., in Prose and Verse.* By the Author of “Brambletye House,” 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

Two amusing little volumes, from which the previous popularity of many of their component parts, alone prevents our quoting. Without calling for any thing like strict criticism, they will pass away half an hour, or more, pleasantly enough, as the reader chances to be of slow or rapid habits of perusal. We cannot characterise them better than by quoting the motto in the title-page. “It is a good thing to laugh, at any rate; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness.” There is not, however, much of that broad wit or humour that excites laughter, in these volumes; which are rather agreeable and pleasing.

*Norrington; or, the Memoirs of a Peer.* 2 vols. London, 1830. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

APPARENTLY a reprint of some novel of ‘sixty years’ since,’ being on a par with the humblest of a now exploded school.

*Protestant Truths, and Roman Catholic Errors.* By the Rev. Plumpton Wilson, LL.D. 12mo. pp. 235. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

An interesting and prettily told story, but very unfair in its premises, and illiberal in its conclusions. An author, it is true, is like an absolute monarch, and does what he pleases with his subjects. It is, however, neither very good reasoning, nor very strict justice, to make certain imaginary individuals commit certain imaginary acts, and then hold them as pro-

totypes and examples of a numerous and existing body.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

[The history of this interesting fragment is as follows: and we leave our readers to form their own judgment as to its authenticity. It appeared in a work which was immediately suppressed in France; and since that period no trace of it has been discoverable; so that this MS., copied from it at the time, has very nearly the value of an original. It purports to be part of a letter written by Buonaparte at the period of the execution of Louis XVI., and must be perused with peculiar feelings at this eventful moment.]

“I LEARNED the next day that the advocate Target had refused his professional aid to his sovereign. This was, in the strongest acceptation of the term, to erase his name from the records of immortality! What were the arguments of his cowardly prudence? ‘I shall not save his life, whilst I may risk my own.’ Malesherbes, Tronchet, Desèze, faithful and devoted subjects (whom I could not imitate, but whom, if I were a monarch, I would place at my right hand), united to defend by their zealous exertions the descendant of St. Louis. Should they survive this courageous act of fidelity, I will never pass them without baring my head. Detained by business at Versailles, I only returned to Paris on the 16th of January; I had consequently lost three or four scenes of this ambitious tragedy, but on the 18th I attended the National Convention. Ah! my friend! whatever these revolutionary maniacs may say, a monarch is not merely a man: his head will fall, it is true, with that of the shepherd, but he who commands the murder will shudder at his own temerity; and were he not compelled by the force of his *secret* motives, the sentence would expire on his lips ere its utterance. I gazed eagerly on the intrepid mortals who were about to dare pronounce on the fate of their virtuous sovereign. I studied their looks—scrutinised their very hearts. It was by the excess, the importance of their trespass, they were supported, whilst inwardly awed by the rank of their victim: could they have ventured to retract, the prince had been saved! But unfortunately they had said, if his head does not fall to-day, ours must soon submit to the stroke of the executioner. This was the predominant idea that dictated their votes. No pen could with justice describe the situation of the people in the galleries. Silent, gloomy, breathless, their looks were alternately directed towards the accused, his advocates, and his judge. Circumstance as strange as horrible, D’Orleans’ vote was—Death! The shock of electricity would have been less visibly felt: the assembly rose with one spontaneous start of horror, and the hall reverberated the murmur of similar and responsive feeling: one man alone, immovable as a rock, kept his seat—it was I! I ventured to inquire of myself the cause of this indifference; I found it in ambition—only such a sentiment could reconcile the conduct of the Duke of Orleans; to me, therefore, it was natural: he sought a throne to which he had no title, and such acquisitions are not to be made without forfeiting the right to virtuous and general estimation.

“I shall now, my friend, become concise: I do not like the unfolding of funereal crape. The king was condemned to death! and if the 21st of January did not for ever affix an odium on the French character, at least it added a glorious name to the list of martyrs! What a town was Paris on this awful day! The populace appeared in a state of stupefaction: it seemed that the people assembled only to exchange gloomy looks, and to fly from each

other without speaking. The streets were deserted, and houses and palaces wore the appearance of tombs. *The air even seemed to smell of the executioner.* To be brief, the descendant of St. Louis was led to death, through files of mournful automata, but lately his subjects.

"If any one be near you, my friend, when you read this despatch (even were it your father), conceal from him what follows—it is a stain on the stuff of which my character is made. That Napoleon Buonaparte should be sensibly affected at the destruction of a human being, and constrained to keep his bed from the consequences of this impression, is a fact scarcely to be believed, though true, and one which I cannot avow without blushing with contempt for myself. Yes, I experienced a feeling, which, however admirable in another, was disgraceful to one who had disavowed all the weaknesses of the human heart. The night preceding the 21st of January I had not closed my eyes; yet I was unable to account to myself for the cause of my unusual agitation. I rose early, and eagerly ran wherever the crowd was assembling. I wondered at, or rather I despised, the passive imbecility of forty thousand national guards, of whom nine-tenths were only mechanically the agents of the executioner. At the Porte St. Denis I met Santerre: he was followed by a numerous staff. I should have liked to have cut off his ears: I spit at him, not being able to do more. In my opinion, his post had been better filled by the Duke d'Orléans: his object was a crown; and we all know that such a motive overbalances many considerations. Proceeding along the Boulevards, I reached the Place de la Révolution. I was ignorant of the invention of the guillotine: a cold perspiration crept over me. A stranger, who stood near me, attributed my agitation and paleness to a peculiar interest in the King of France. 'Be of better cheer,' said he, 'he will not perish: the Convention is only desirous of proving its power, and he will meet his pardon at the foot of the scaffold.' 'If that be so,' replied I, 'the gentlemen conventionalists are not themselves far from their fall, and never would culprits more richly deserve their fate. He who attacks a lion, and would avoid being destroyed by him, should not wound, but throw him dead upon the spot.' A low and confused noise was heard—it was the royal victim! I hurried forward, elbowing and elbowed. I approached as far as I could—all my efforts to get near were vain: the scaffold was hid from me by an armed force. The rolling of drums suddenly interrupted the mournful silence of the assembled multitude. 'It is the signal of his release,' said the stranger. 'And it will rebound on his murderers,' I replied: 'in such a case, half a crime is a weakness.' A momentary silence ensued. Suddenly something fell heavily on the scaffold: the noise struck at my heart. I inquired the cause of a gendarmerie. 'It is the falling of the axe,' he replied. 'The king is not then saved!—he is dead!—he is dead!' I pronounced at least ten times these words—'he is dead!' I became insensible for some minutes, and, without knowing by whom, I had been taken from the crowd, I found myself on the Quai des Théâtres: there I recovered some degree of recollection, but I could utter no word except 'he is dead!' In a state of distraction I reached home, but at least an hour elapsed before I had perfectly regained my senses."

To the Editor, &c.

SIR.—I observed in your last number of the *Literary Gazette* a mention made of a person

at Berlin having presented to the arts and sciences there, an *article* for silk shirts.

I am not aware of the said *article* being a new discovery, I am now manufactureing and have been for sometime an *article* of silk Mix with other *articles* which produce an *article* of the appearance of silk, possesing all the qualities of silk and for which I have obtained his Majesty's Royal Patent, this *article* is not only used for shirts, but for sheets to Sleep in, and for various other uses, as a substitute for Flannel next the skin, and strongly recommended by the most Eminent Physicians as being very conducive to Health and very particularly so, for weak and sickly constitutions. It is also made in colors in stripes and checks for Shirts, that may be used for summer, without waistcoats and well calculated for all warm or cold climates.

If you will please to Insert this or with any alteration you may deem proper in your next Number you will much oblige, Sir your most obedient

No. 37 Basinghall St. NAISH and Co.  
5 Aug. 1830.

I shall be Glad to shew you or any of your Friends the various *articles*, and if you will please to call a pair of Gloves of the same *article* will be at your Service.\*

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### ASTRONOMY.

A valued correspondent, referring to Mr. Bucke's letter, which appeared in our No. 703, while fully subscribing to the utility and convenience of the proposed Nomenclature of the Satellites, differs from the conclusions on one or two other points adverted to in that essay.

"You infer," he says to the writer, "that it must be a necessary consequence (of attraction), since Jupiter disturbs the motions of Saturn on one side, that there must be one large primary planet, or several smaller ones (like Ceres, Juno, Pallas, and Vesta), between his orbit and that of Uranus." But how does such a theory agree with the law of the excesses of the planetary distances discovered by Professor Bode? A law, which has been extended to the satellites in the last volume of the Cambridge Philosophical Transactions, and seems as thoroughly established as the celebrated one of Kepler. According to this law, the excesses of the planetary distances above Mercury form a geometrical series, of which the common ratio is 2; each orbit in ascent being double the distance of the next inferior one from that of Mercury. Its soundness was demonstrated by the subsequent discovery of the Asteroids moving in the assigned path, at nearly the same mean distances from the sun, being about half the distance of Jupiter, and twice that of Mars from Mercury. Saturn revolves at twice the distance of Jupiter, and Uranus at twice that of Saturn. Is it not therefore necessary to the harmony of the system, that Uranus must be the next primary planet to Saturn?

"You infer from the retrograde motions of the satellites of Uranus, that he is 'the last primary planet of our system,' and that these motions 'indicate the approach, and indeed the actual beginning, of another system, of which they are at once the heralds and the connecting links.' But, as according to the established recession of the planetary orbits, the next above Uranus (if any such there be) would be

\* Having received a letter of this kind, our sense of justice induces us to publish it, and our sense of literature not to alter it. We say nothing about the *article*; but we think we have won our gloves.—Ed. L. G.

at double that planet's distance from Mercury, how inconceivably greater must be that of the nearest planet of the next system to ours? And how can Uranus or his satellites be imagined, any more than our other planets, or indeed at all, within the sphere of that system's attraction? And all this without reference to the immeasurable distances of the fixed stars, the admitted centres of other systems.

"I would further remark, in reference to your opinion of the received account of the origin of Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta, being (to say the least) extremely unsatisfactory, &c.,—that the theory of their origin, from an exploded planet formerly moving between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, which I take to be that you allude to, seems directly to result from Bode's law; because this law, and the harmony of the whole system, requires one original primary planet within that zone, and not four. Does it not therefore immediately follow, that the four asteroids must of necessity be fragments either of that original planet or of a dismembered secondary system like Jupiter's? And this, independent of the arguments to be derived from the proximity and intersections of their orbits, which have conducted astronomers to the same conclusion. Indeed, with the above-mentioned law, and its proofs before us, any longer to suppose the asteroids original independent members of the solar system, would, I apprehend, be to suppose an anomaly in the all-perfect and harmonious works of creation. The existence of many, perhaps hundreds, of analogous fragments of the exploded planet or system, the majority of which are probably far too minute for the highest telescopic vision, may also doubtless be inferred.

J. CULLIMORE."

"Kennington. Upon the whole of this correspondence, the subject being one of the highest scientific importance, we would shortly remark, that Mr. Bucke is correct respecting the satellites of Saturn; they are not numbered according to their order of distance but discovery; thus the sixth and seventh are, in fact, the first and second.

It does not seem necessary that there should be a large planet revolving between Saturn and Uranus, to complete the equilibrium of the system; for though Jupiter does disturb the motions of Saturn, he is himself disturbed by Saturn; but those mutual perturbations become compensated after a lapse of ages.

The arrangement of the system of Uranus is very singular and amazing—the satellites retrograde, and moving nearly at right angles to the ecliptic: but there does not seem sufficient reason for supposing that it is the exterior planet.

Respecting *undiscovered planets*, Mr. B. is, perhaps, nearer the mark than he is aware: several small planets are suspected; the splendid catalogues of stars by Bessel and Struve, and the list of the Astronomical Society, will tend very considerably to set this question at rest; when these catalogues come to be revised, by going over the stars again, some may be missed, others may be *found*, proving that some which have been classed as fixed stars are, in fact, planets. There is ground for the suspicion, which, if confirmed, will completely upset the "explosion system."

The comet of 1770, one of great bulk, passed through the system of Jupiter, and was retained four months near his orb, without having any perceptible effect on the motions or places of the satellites; a sufficient proof that comets possess very little matter in proportion to their magnitude. We can expect but little satisfac-

tion from such a visit to the system of Uranus.\*

#### EXPEDITIONS.

A GERMAN periodical of recent date contains a letter addressed to a literary friend in Germany by Dr. Mertens, secretary to the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, and Naturalist to the Russian expedition to Behring's Straits, and thence to Manilla, and farther to some imperfectly known islands in the eastern ocean. It describes the volcanoes of Kamtschatka, &c.; and is dated from the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul, in October 1828, at which period the Sinianin, having completed her survey of the Straits of Behring, &c. was within a week of her departure for Manilla.

It appears highly probable from the frequency of Russian voyages of discovery in the Pacific, that the Russians will, ere long, take possession of and colonise some of the most productive islands. In Dobell's travels through Kamtschatka, China, &c. (published April 1830), after enumerating the many local and other advantages of Kamtschatka, he particularly mentions its vicinity to the most fertile and populous countries on the globe, and states that the passage thence to any part of the Japanese islands, is only ten or twelve days; to the Sandwich isles, to Macao, the Philippines, or any of the Indo-Chinese islands, only thirty or forty days; to the N. W. coast of America, California, or the islands of the Great Pacific, sixty days.

A chain of island-groups extends from New Holland to Kamtschatka, namely, the Moluccas; the large islands of Borneo and New Guinea; the Carolinas, the Philippines, the Ladrones, the Loo-Choo isles, the Japanese isles, the Zoso isles, the Kourile isles, and others of less importance. In this immeasurable Archipelago, the Philippines alone consist of not fewer than 1200 islands, of which the Spaniards occupy only Luzon (Manilla), Mindanao, Samar, Leyte, Mindoro, Panay, Negros, Zebu, and the Calamianes; and on this insignificant number they possess merely portions of territory near the sea, while the interiors are very little known. Most of the islands above named are of volcanic origin, presenting great variety of surface, and valleys of singular fertility. The island of New Guinea alone is well worthy of a national expedition, with a view to present traffic and ultimate colonisation. This immense island, which is immediately north of New Holland, and not far from England than the Swan River, is preferable to Borneo, being farther from the equinoctial line, and possessing, from its varied and mountainous surface, a climate better suited to European constitutions.

In its fertile groves and valleys the spices of the Moluccas grow wild; and of the following list of valuable produce, the growth of the Moluccas and Philippines, many grow in New Guinea, and all might easily be cultivated to any extent.

Sugar of the finest quality, coffee, cocoa, pepper, ginger, nutmegs, cloves, almonds, cocoanuts, rice, tobacco of superlative excellence,

\* Our ingenious and scientific correspondent, Mr. Bucke, does not seem to be aware, that the satellites of Jupiter when first discovered by Galileo, were named by him *Sidera Medicea*. The first satellite, *Cosmos minor*; the second, *Cosmos major*; the third, *Maria Medicea*; and the fourth, *Katherina Medicea*. Simon Marius gave the first satellite the name of *Jovial Mercury*; the second, that of *Jovial Venus*, &c. Johannes Baptista Hodierna (who was the first that published Ephemerides of the motions of these satellites), names the first *Principiaphus*; the second, *Victriphus*; the third, *Cosmaphus*; and the fourth, *Fernandiphus*; each of which names were intended as a compliment to the reigning family in Tuscany.

oranges, dates, tamarinds, pine-apples, paradise figs and other delicious fruits, hemp-trees, cotton of superfine staple, precious dyewoods, ebony and many other finely-grained and beautiful woods for cabinet-makers, also camphor trees, areka, and betel.

Such are the capabilities of New Guinea, an island discovered early in the sixteenth century, but hitherto overlooked by all the colonising nations of Europe; containing a surface exceeding that of Borneo, over which a population of half a million is thinly scattered. Here also the wild bees produce immense quantities of honey and wax; here are birds of paradise and other birds innumerable, and most of them suitable for the table: also cattle and pigs, buffaloes, stags, goats, horses, and various kinds of monkeys. The seas are stored with shell and other fish, also pearls and ambergris; while there is good reason to believe, that the mountains are rich in minerals, especially gold and iron, and that the river-sands contain gold-dust. The produce of New Holland and Van Diemen's Land is meagre and contemptible when compared with the boundless variety and opulence of New Guinea; and we throw out these hints from having seen that Mr. Buckingham again explained the nature of his projected voyage at a public meeting on Thursday last. Let him survey this island and make its advantages known—he would find numerous settlers from New Holland, Hindostan, and Great Britain, to recompense all the toils and dangers of his expedition.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### ROYAL PATRONAGE OF GREAT PUBLIC AND NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

In our last we recorded his Majesty's gracious declaration of patronage to the King's College now erecting, and to form the left wing of Somerset House; and in a preceding *Literary Gazette* we also stated that his Majesty had in the same gracious manner placed himself at the head of the Royal Asiatic Society—a Society already conducted with a degree of energy and judgment which scarcely needed an addition to its strength and spirit, however grateful such an addition must be.

But his Majesty has not stopped here with his encouragement of those things which contribute most to the power and refinement of a nation, and to the lasting splendour and glory of a crown. It has been mentioned that the King's pleasure was communicated to the Royal Academy, founded by his venerated father, and a request made to the Council which manages its affairs, that it should point out the best means of promoting the cultivation of the Fine Arts. In like manner has William IV. notified (through Sir Robert Peel) to the Royal Society of Literature, the spontaneous and munificent foundation of his late lamented brother, that he consents to be the patron of this noble Institution. The Royal Society, too, has been honoured by the King's attention, and we believe we may consequently anticipate some considerable changes in the government of that learned and scientific body:—we have reason to expect that the excellent president, Mr. Davies Gilbert, will retire from that high station, and that H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex will be elected in his stead. With every feeling of regard and esteem for Mr. Gilbert—and he has eminently deserved them by his personal conduct and great attainments—it may be allowed us to congratulate the Society on the probability of having a prince of the blood at its head, and one likely to quash all the

cabals and disagreements which have for some time unfortunately interrupted the purer pursuits of scientific objects.\* This arrangement, we understand, will be agreeable to his Majesty's wishes.

We are not among the cavillers who think finding fault with every thing the best road to improvement; but neither can we be blind to the fact, that long-established systems have a tendency to degenerate (were it only into inactivity), and that an occasional infusion of judicious change and reform does a great deal of public good. With regard to the Royal Academy, we are not aware that it has yet found time to reply to his Majesty's patriotic inquiry; but we are sure that its constitution is susceptible of very beneficial alterations. An exclusive party of artists managing all the concerns of art is in itself objectionable—since every individual must have personal and private interests opposed to those of the whole profession. There ought unquestionably to be a fair proportion of eligible persons unconnected with the practice of any of the arts (sculpture, architecture, painting, engraving,) upon the council of the Academy, where their mere presence would lead to justice being done to the numerous, and often most accomplished, aspirants who were not academicians. In the annual exhibitions it is too much to expect that an artist who has the power of choosing favourable places for his own productions will voluntarily yield them up to some other claimant who is out of the pale, and throw himself into the back ground. Thus there is no season in which we are not inundated with complaints on this subject. And another part of the existing mode is perhaps still more objectionable;—we allude to the members of the Academy being allowed to paint on their pictures after they are hung up. Every one at all acquainted with the art knows that the consequence of this is the making of our exhibition rooms mere patch-work, where pictures of intrinsic excellence are completely destroyed by the whelming glare of their neighbours, wrought up to the requisite pitch of gilding and colour. Nothing can be more unfair than this; and we have often been astonished when we saw pictures after the show was over, and found on examination that its brilliant ornaments were daubs, and some of its obscured and unnoticed performances honours to the English school. Another effect of the opposition of individual to general benefits is the use, or rather the abuse, of the invitations to private views, the Academy dinners, and other little complimentary opportunities. We firmly believe that not one in five hundred of these is addressed to the advancement of the national arts: on the contrary, they are invariably disposed of to

\* As a proof of the necessary result of such circumstances, and the deterioration of the country in the eyes of the world when compared with the advance of other nations in the highest walks of science, the following statement has been made to us. The *Nautical Almanac* was (as is well known) commenced many years ago by the celebrated Dr. Maskelyne, and was found to be of so great importance, that scarcely a vessel left England without having a copy on board. Since that period, however, many deficiencies and errors, especially the former, have been discovered in Dr. Maskelyne's work. To ascertain the best mode of remedying these, Lord Melville applied the other day to —. The plan suggested by this gentleman to his lordship was, to translate the *Ephemeris* of Professor Encke, the astronomer royal at Berlin, which is published every year in that city, and to reduce the meridian of Berlin, and adapt it to that of Greenwich!!!—Whilst England possesses native philosophers equal to the task, we are glad to find that Lord Melville did not act upon this suggestion; for he soon after transferred his inquiry to the Astronomical Society of London—a council of which was immediately called, for the purpose of giving that attention to his lordship's application which its interest required.

procure patronage for the artist who is the possessor of the power of offering them. In this light, and we are sorry to say in most others, the fine arts are as much a trade as chandling or shoemaking. Instead of those ennobling sentiments, and the thirst for fame, which in former days and in foreign countries made painters the companions of the greatest and the wisest men of the age, the profession has become a mere commercial pursuit; and the greedy and unjustifiable huckstering about copyrights to be hired out to engravers and print-sellers, is only one of the disgraceful indications of this debasing practice.

How the Academy disposes of its rich funds is unknown out of the body. We have been assured by members, men *per se* of character and integrity, that they are faithfully and liberally administered, and therefore we can only doubt this, in so far as our opinion of what is liberal may differ from the opinions of our informants: we must add, that there are few external evidences of the fact apparent. The last remark we shall offer to the Academy is upon the wretched way in which its honours are attained,—by cringing, fawning, and intriguing, and not by superior merits and genius. We have frequently met with foreigners who were utterly confounded on going over the names of our foremost artists, and discovering that some whom they properly ranked as the very first in order, were not members of the R. A.; while others, of very middling talents, and of no note whatever, were graced by that title. When asked why this was, we never could answer the question; for we did not like to repeat what we had been told, that an artist must grovel and supplicate, or he is not eligible for admission. It is no wonder then that this institution should have done nothing, and worse than nothing, for our National Arts. Its school is the school for the encouragement of portrait painting, in preference to every other style, and money-making as its reward. To such persons as the late Lord de Tabley, and to the British Institution and its supporters, the country owes all its debt of gratitude for any advance in the higher walks.

Many intelligent men have been so struck by the insufficiency of the results from associations, when compared with the hopes held out by their originators and friends, as to deny their utility in any case whatever; and to maintain, that, in this country at least, it was infinitely better to leave every thing to individual exertion. But the premises do not seem to us to warrant this conclusion; for societies, if they do not do all that their sanguine promoters predicate, always contribute something to the general stock: and besides, their existence not only does not interfere with individual enterprise, but in innumerable instances calls it forth, stimulates, and cherishes it. On these grounds we trust the Geographical Society, which we noticed at large in our last Number, will also find the Sovereign inclined to become its patron. So intimately connected with our navy, it has a natural claim to this distinction; and we are convinced his Majesty would not hesitate an instant in bestowing his countenance upon it.

That most meritorious and truly benevolent charity, the Literary Fund, which pours balm into the wounds of the helpless children of literature, is also worthy of the royal protection which has been bestowed upon it; and sure we are, that the consciousness of fostering so estimable and well-regulated an Institution, must be delightful even to the widely extended philanthropy of the royal breast.

While on these topics, there is one idea more which we desire to broach, but without being able to discuss its bearings on one side or the other. We are persuaded that it would be a permanent glory to the present reign, and a great encouragement to exalted endeavours, were the King to found an Order of Honour, to be bestowed upon the eminent and deserving in the various departments of learning, the sciences, and the fine arts. There is no argument against this which might not with equal force be urged against every kind of public distinction, for success in arms, in adventure, in politics, or in any other line of life. When we are told, therefore, of probable jealousies, and envy, and disappointments, and repinings, it is equally strong against the Garter, the Thistle, and the Bath. Nor have evils resulted from a similar course in other nations where it has been adopted; on the contrary, the court has not been the less adorned, nor the people less improved, where the former witnessed crosses and ribands for civic services, mingled with the proudest of other orders; and the latter saw the labours of the instructed and God-gifted stimulated by the grant of public honours. We can imagine no brighter circle round the throne of William IV. than one of Literary Stars.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain, with Memoirs of their Lives and Actions.* Folio. Part XXXIV. Second Edition, 8vo. and 4to. Part XL. Third (monthly) Edition, 8vo. and 4to. No. 20. Fourth (monthly) Edition, 8vo. and 4to. No. 16. Harding and Lepard.

We have here to record the appearance of new parts of four distinct editions of this popular publication in various stages of progress at the same time,—an example of literary success altogether without parallel, and powerfully denoting the increasing avidity with which works of merit are now sought by the mass of society, when published upon a scale that enables the middling classes to purchase them. The eminent persons, whose portraits and lives are commemorated in this new part of the folio edition of Mr. Lodge's work, are, the Earl of Burlington; the first Duke of Devonshire; the second Duke of Ormond; Thomas Holles Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, who directed the affairs of state for nearly half a century; the first Duke of Leeds; and the hero of Aboukir, Sir Ralph Abercromby. It is from the passage in the last-named memoir, descriptive of our gallant countryman receiving his death-wound, that we shall select our quotation. Mr. Lodge observes: "It was in this charge of the cavalry that the gallant Sir Ralph Abercromby, always anxious to be most forward in danger, received his mortal wound. On the first alarm he had mounted his horse, and finding that the right wing was seriously engaged, proceeded thither. When he came near, he despatched his aides-de-camp with orders to different brigades; and whilst thus alone, some dragoons of the French cavalry penetrated to the spot, and he was thrown from his horse. One of them, supposed from the tassel of his sword to have been an officer, then rode at him, and attempted to cut him down; but just as the point of his sword was falling, his natural heroism, and the energy of the moment, so invigorated the veteran general, that he seized the sword, wrested it from the Frenchman's hand, and at that instant the officer was bayoneted by a soldier of the forty-second. Sir

Sydney Smith was the first officer who came to him, and who by accident having broken his own sword, which Sir Ralph observing, instantly presented to him the one he had so gloriously acquired."

The portraits are executed with their usual merit, from authentic pictures in the mansions of the noble descendants of the persons represented, the present Dukes of Devonshire, Newcastle, Leeds, and of the Hon. James Abercromby: and if Mr. Lodge's work thus continues to gather strength and increase in interest as it approaches our own times, there is no saying to what circulation it may attain, or how many editions we may witness in simultaneous progress, addressed, as it is, to the best feelings of every one who thinks as he ought of the venerated names by whom his country has been exalted to her present pre-eminence;—of those warriors and sages, whose memory is associated with all that is dearest and most glorious to Englishmen.

*The Black Knight and the Clerk of Copmanhurst revelling, from Ivanhoe.* Painted by H. Fradelle; engraved by W. Say. *Rebecca and Ivanhoe.* Same Painter; engraved by T. Lupton.

THESE are companion prints, of a large size, and, as far as contrast goes, are well imagined; the revels of the jovial companions in the friar's humble cell being well opposed to the characters engaged in the humane office of tending the wounded knight in the splendid chamber of the wealthy Jew. In both, however, we think there is too much of the artificial; and, for effect, the lights are certainly too much scattered. As specimens of mezzotinto they are truly admirable, and may well take their stand among the highest productions of that pleasing branch of art. In painting such scenes, it must be confessed, the painter has great difficulties to contend against; and not the least that which arises out of the graphic vigour and spirit of the original author, who has so described them as to create images already formed in the mind of every reader. Instead, therefore, of being viewed as new conceptions, they are referred to a standard existing in our fancy; and the picture is prized or disapproved of, as it agrees with, or departs from, our preconceived notions. Thus we confess, that, with the exception of the lovely Rebecca, and, perhaps, the Jew leech, we are not disposed to recognise Scott's *dramatis persona* either in the figures or expression of Mr. Fradelle's representations. Ivanhoe and the Black Knight both smack of the theatre; nor does the attitude of the friar escape from this imputation. The dogs in the latter, and the accessories in the former, are carefully and excellently done; so that withal we must repeat our general praise and recommendation of these works, as brilliant ornaments of the portfolio.

*Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels.* Part IV. London, C. Tilt; J. Andrews: Edinburgh, T. Ireland, jun.

IN this part the first view is Durham, after Robson, and one of the most beautiful gems we ever saw. For grandeur, the buildings in the back-ground; for rural simplicity, the objects and landscape in the fore-ground; for effect, the management of the sky and the lights throughout; and for execution, the burin of Finden; have combined to produce nothing preferable in this style of art. The Tolbooth (the second engraving) is equally picturesque and interesting. Nasmyth has here preserved what

time has caused to disappear. Caerlaverock Castle, by D. Roberts; and London from Highgate, by J. Barret; are worthy companions of the preceding two.

*Great Britain Illustrated.* No. 28. C. Tilt. From Westall's drawings, with Moule's descriptions, this moderately priced work goes on favourably. Calne, Newport in Monmouthshire, Pelham Crescent Hastings, and Bradford, all engraved by E. Francis, are the various and well-chosen subjects in this No.

*Eve.* (From Milton). Painted and engraved by J. Mills. J. Brooker.

THIS is a very sweet piece of mezzotinto, in which our first mother is seen when "adorned the most," just listening to the serpent in Eden. The landscape part is rich and well managed; and the figure well studied, without being either very graceful, or rounded into the usual voluptuousness in which the brethren of the brush are so fond of indulging.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### ALL IS NOT DARK BELOW.

COLD and ungrateful must the bosoms be  
Of those who look upon the sunlit earth,  
And trace the finger of the Deity,  
Yet own no cheerfulness and feel no mirth;  
Who deem all dark the lot of man below,  
One changeless gloom, one all-pervading woe.  
Hath God then made for nought each lovely  
thing,

That sheds its beauty o'er this world of ours;  
The feathered warblers, that so sweetly sing,  
The ever-waving wood, the scented flowers?  
I cannot think of these, and yet believe  
That man was only formed to mourn and  
grieve.

But who can look upon the azure sky,  
And mark the glorious orbs revolving there,  
Or turn his glance towards earth's verdant dye,  
And deem, where all is formed so bright and  
fair,

That man was made to wander on in gloom,  
Then sink in sorrow to the silent tomb?

'Tis true earth's joys are ever mixed with care,  
And men are fated to one common curse;  
But should we therefore cherish dark despair,  
And make our too imperfect being worse?  
Though "weep with them that weep" is God's  
own voice,  
He bids us, too, "with those who joy rejoice."

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

[Under this head, to-day, we insert some very curious matter, for which we are indebted to a high continental source: the anecdote of Prince Polignac is very striking, and we have no doubt of its veracity.]

*Prince Jules de Polignac.*—The father of this prince emigrated, like many other French noblemen, at the beginning of the Revolution, and resided for some time at Radstadt (Grand Duchy of Baden). On the birth-day of his son Jules (the present too famous ex-minister of France), when he had attained his tenth year, he invited all his companions in misfortune, and some other friends, and shewed them into a room, where, upon a table, a crucifix and two lighted candles had been placed. He then ordered young Jules to approach the table, and, in imitation of Amilear (Hannibal's father), bound him by an oath, that he would always oppose the French Revolution and the principles to which it had given birth. This solemn act seems to have powerfully worked upon the mind of the young nobleman, and may explain in some measure his detestation of

liberal ideas. With right, one can apply to him, what the poet says:

"Children, like tender osiers, take the bow,  
And as they first are fashioned always grow."

*Walhalla.*—In the northern mythology, a palace called Walhalla was appropriated for the heroes who met death in battle. The present king of Bavaria, when hereditary prince, was so ravished by this illustrious idea, that he decided on carrying it into execution in good time. John Müller, the renowned historian, whom he made acquainted with his resolution, wrote to him in the following terms, twenty years ago, at the very time Germany was suffering under the French thralldom: "It does your highness great honour, that you do not abandon the elevated idea of the Walhalla, this ornament of our country. Never was the German nation more in need of forgetting herself, in order to shew her character in this new era with dignity. Fathers and their offspring, if in shadows the mind is still alive, and if, as we hope, the German trunk shall still flourish for future times,—fathers, I repeat, and their offspring, will thank you, noblest of the Wittelsbachs, that you, in a time which threatens to deprive us of ourselves, have been mindful of the German father-land." This magnanimous idea, of which the juvenile mind of the prince was so fond, the king now puts into execution. Last May, the preparations were begun for building the Walhalla on a hill close to Donaustauf (a country town not far from Ratisbon), and on the 18th of next October, the anniversary of the battle of Leipzig, the solemnity of laying the first stone will take place in the king's presence. This temple, supported by a number of marble pillars, and adorned with the busts of great men, will become one of the noblest monuments of the age. The place where the Walhalla will stand is exceedingly well selected, as a ravishing landscape surrounds the hill, from whose top this majestic building is to look down. Many travellers will, in future, visit a place which contains all the predominant characters of Germany's warlike history.

*The late Grand Duke of Darmstadt.*—It is a curious circumstance, that this prince foretold his death. "I shall die," he used to say at different times, "on the very day my father breathed his last;" viz. the 6th of April; and his prophecy has been fulfilled. It is also a curious coincidence in high life, that this prince, as well as two of his sisters, celebrated their golden wedding-feasts (*i. e.* a celebration on the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage).

*Love of Music in Bohemia and Germany.*—A miller in the hamlet Beraun, in Bohemia, bequeathed, some years ago, his whole fortune, amounting to seventeen thousand florins, for the foundation of a conservatory of music. On the day of installation, eighty country musicians executed Mozart's *Requiem* and Paisiello's *Miserere* in a masterly style. Last year, Haydn's oratorio *The Creation* was performed by dilettanti, at Heppenheim, a small country town in the Grand Duchy of Darmstadt. The 6th of last June, the annual musical festival took place at Spire, where four hundred and forty artists executed Schneider's *Last Judgment* with great precision and applause.

#### DRAMA.

THOUGH we cannot help grudging our room to personal matters, yet as Mr. Barnett felt

\* This anecdote is from an eye-witness, and play-fellow of the prince, who still lives at Radstadt.

himself compromised by a notice of an impropriety in our dramatic criticism, we are induced to insert the following elucidatory and exculpatory letter; adding only the expression of our own satisfaction, that a composer to whose talents we have been indebted for so much grateful enjoyment should have rectified a mistake that must have been so painful to himself and others.

T. R. Adelphi, 5th Aug., 1830.

Dear Sir.—The appearance of your name in the *Literary Gazette* of the 31st ult. was certainly caused by your application of the paragraph of the former Saturday's paper to yourself.

I have already explained to you, personally, on the testimony of Mr. Parry, that he entirely exonerated you from the charge made against you; and I am very glad to receive the assurance of so respectable a person, and that such an accusation should be refuted. As I am certain that the parties who communicated the disagreeable affair to me *in strict confidence*, were not actuated by any bad motive, but were labouring under an erroneous idea, and were misled by the sounds of the opposition about the box which you occupied, and also in the box where Mr. Parry was seated,—I cannot, of course, in honour or justice, give up their names. It must surely be enough for you to know, that the inquiry into the truth of the report has ended in your acquittal in my mind, and in that of others to whom I had communicated the circumstance.

You are at liberty to make any use you please of this letter. I am, dear sir, yours truly,

To John Barnett, Esq.

R. B. PEAKE.

#### VARIETIES.

*Paris Academy of Sciences.*—The annual sitting of this Society was held a few days ago, when most of the prizes were distributed. It was announced, however, that the Academy, in the absence of sufficient claims, had postponed the grand prizes for mathematics and natural sciences. Several new prizes were announced for different branches of science—surgery, chemistry, mathematics, &c.

*Asiatic and African Population.*—The extent of the Ottoman empire, comprehending Turkey in Europe (of which Moldavia, Wallachia, Bulgaria, Servia, and Bosnia, form a part), Asia Minor, the Islands of Candia and Cyprus, a large portion of Armenia, Kurdistan, Irack-Arabia, Mesopotamia, Assyria, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and a great part of Nubia, with the exception of the new Greek state—is estimated at about 1,064,000 square miles; the population at about 25,000,000 souls. The population of the vassals of the Ottoman empire is estimated—Tripoli at 2,000,000; Tunis at 2,800,000; and Algiers at 2,500,000 souls. The extent of the empire of Morocco is estimated at 130,000 square miles; its population at 4,500,000 souls. The extent of the kingdom of Abyssinia is about 130,000 square miles; its population, 1,500,000 souls. The territory of the Iman of Muscat extends about 500 miles along the coast; the number of inhabitants probably does not exceed 1,000,000. The extent of Persia is about 350,000 square miles; its population about 5,000,000 souls. The extent of Afghanistan (between Persia and India) is 172,000 square miles; its population, 6,500,000 souls. Beloutchistan (to the south of the country of the Afghans) has about 3,000,000 of inhabitants. The extent of Bokhara is 173,000 square miles; its population, 2,500,000 souls.

*Russia.*—Manufactories of every description have increased rapidly in number in Russia during the last five years. Twelve months ago there were in Archangel 42 of different descriptions; in the government of Witebek, 4 cloth manufactures, 31 tanneries, and 7 others; in the government of Kalonga, 27 cotton-factories, 16 paper-manufactories, and 100 others, employing altogether 12,000 hands. This was an increase of double within twenty years. The

culture of tobacco in parts of the Russian empire is followed with success; and the breed of Merino sheep in other parts is very lucrative: the wool is said to be of the best possible quality.

*Egypt.*—M. de Prokesch, of the Austrian navy, has just published at Vienna a work on Egypt and Asia Minor, in which he states, that Egypt is divided into 24 *nazirats*; this division having been made by the viceroy in 1826, in preference to that of provinces, then 14 in number. Lower Egypt consists of the following *nazirats*:—1. Kelioubieh; 2. Belby; 3. Chybeh; 4. Mit-Kammer; 5. Mansoura; 6. Damietta; 7. Tantah; 8. Mekhalieh; 9. Foua; 10. Melik; 11. Menouff; 12. Negyleh; 13. Damamanhour; and Upper Egypt of, 14. Djizeh; 15. Atfyeh; 16. Bouch; 17. Benisouet; 18. Fayoum; 19. Minich; 20. Monfalout; 21. Chiout; 22. Djirdjeh; 23. Kené; 24. Esné. The term Middle Egypt, which comprises the country between Cairo and Monfalout, is, he says, unknown to the natives. Cairo, with Boulaq and Fostad, or Old Cairo, are divided into separate districts. At the head of each of the *nazirats* is a *nazar*, who is commonly called “bey of the people.” He is charged with the government of the district, the distribution of the lands, and the collection of the taxes. The city of Alexandria and its dependencies have a particular governor, Moharem Bey, the son-in-law of the viceroy. The latter resides chiefly at Cairo, but goes for some months in the year to Alexandria, where he is the guest of his son-in-law. In 1827, there were in Egypt 1,958,550 feddans of cultivated land, which produced to the viceroy in mire 73,937,926 piastres. Besides this tax there is one on houses, of from 10 to 100 piastres each. The number of houses is 618,600, producing 24,000,000 of piastres per annum. Every date-tree also pays on an average 65 piastres of tax per annum. They are in number five millions, and yield 3,750,000 piastres. In addition, there are enormous duties on imports and exports, fees for permission to carry on certain branches of manufacture and agriculture, &c. altogether yielding to the viceroy an enormous revenue.

*A fruitful Mother.*—In a village in the neighbourhood of Venice, a woman was lately delivered of six living boys. Four of them died at the end of a fortnight, but the two others survive, and are likely to do well.

*Tobacco.*—The cultivation of every description of American tobacco has been lately carried on in Russia with great success.

*Salt.*—The use of salt in the food of horses is becoming very general in the Netherlands. One of the first agriculturists in the neighbourhood of Brussels says, in a letter to a friend here, “I give salt to all my horses with the best effect; my own cabriolet horse has had from an ounce to an ounce and a half of salt in his corn every night for the last three years; and during that time he has had excellent health, and taken no physic.”

*Lithotropy.*—Baron Heurteloup has within the last few days operated with complete success, with the brize coque, upon a stone composed of uric acid, and weighing one hundred and forty grains. The patient, who was nearly fifty years of age, suffered very little inconvenience from the operation.

*Preservation of Wood.*—Put 12 ounces of resin in an iron pot, and when it is melted, add 8 ounces of stick sulphur. When these are liquefied, add to them 10 quarts of spermaceti oil. Heat the whole moderately, and add by degrees about 2 ounces of yellow wax, cut

into small pieces. Keep this mixture stirred frequently; and when it is well melted, add carefully any colour that is required, the powder being first mixed with a little oil. Two or three coats of this varnish or paint will preserve wood for twenty years.—*French Paper.*

*Paganini.*—This extraordinary musician is now at Frankfort; but it is said that he will speedily arrive in England.

*An accommodating Parson.*—A Paris paper of the 9th says: “It is related that on Sunday last, a *cure* performing service at a church in the environs of Paris, began, as usual, to chant the prayer for the king—‘Domine, salcum fac regem’; but, as soon as he arrived at *fac*, he stopped short. After a pause he began again, in a loud voice, and pronounced, ‘Domine, salcum fac le Gouvernement Provisoire,’ to the great amusement of the congregation.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXIII. Aug. 17.]

The Sonnets of Shakespeare and Milton are in the press.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Guide to Watering Places, new edition, 18mo. 15s. bd.—Mansart's *Lycée*, &c. 12mo. 5s. bds.—Fearn on Cerebral Vision, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Midsummer Medley for 1830, 2 vols. fcp. 8vo. 14s. bds.—Read's Revolt of the Angels, demy 8vo. 9s. bds.—Burn's Penmanship, oblong 4to. 12s. sewed.—Whiting's Description and Use of the Globes, 12mo. 4s. sheep.—Wilson's Questions on St. Mark, 12mo. 3s. fd. sewed; St. John, 12mo. 3s. 6d. sewed.—Taylor's Little Library, Vol. II. the Ship, 16 plates, square 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Sugden's Acts, by Jefferett, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Burns's Address to the Deil, 11 engravings on wood, post 8vo. 3s. 6d. sewed.—Brighton, a Comic Sketch, 7 illustrations, 18mo. 1s. sewed.—Soame's Bampton Lectures, 1830, 8vo. 13s. bds.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 5	From 59 to 75.	29.63 — 29.66
Friday . . . 6	— 46 — 72.	29.95 Stationary
Saturday . . . 7	— 50 — 68.	29.91 to 29.78
Sunday . . . 8	— 51 — 72.	29.71 — 29.73
Monday . . . 9	— 45 — 71.	29.76 — 29.74
Tuesday . . . 10	— 52 — 65.	29.64 — 29.62
Wednesday . . . 11		

Wind variable. S.W. prevailing.  
Generally fine weather; a shower of rain on the 9th at 4 p.m. accompanied by a little thunder in the N.W. Some rain fell during the morning of the 10th and night of the 11th.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.  
Latitude . . . 51° 37' 39" N.  
Longitude . . . 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. July 1830.

Thermometer—Highest . . .	82-59° — 29th.
Mean . . .	59-5162
Barometer—Highest . . .	30-06
Lowest . . .	29-18
Mean . . .	29-09031

Number of days of rain, 10.  
Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 2-45475.

Winds.—1 East—2 West—3 North—4 South—5 Northeast—6 South-east—10 South-west—1 North-west.

*General Observations.*—The commencement of the month was extremely wet, and the greater part of the rain fell in the first eleven days; but the whole quantity was little more than one half of what fell in July last year: the latter end of the month very fine, and the thermometer rose higher than since 1826: the barometer was also above the maximum and means of the last two years. Thunder heard on the 3d, 7th, and 30th, and lightning seen on the 29th, to the northward. An indistinct rainbow appeared on the 9th, in the evening. The evaporation 0.6375 of an inch.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If Mr. Fortunato la Mothe publishes his work, we shall attend to it in due course; previously, we can do nothing. Maria is pretty and pathetic; but we must be ungentle. A Storm is also ineligible.

Referring to this No. of our *Gazette*, we are induced to point the attention of our readers to the Review of Lyell's *Geology*, and to the article headed *Astronomy*, as comprising some very striking and popular information respecting the past and (probable) future of the world which we inhabit, and the system of which it forms a part. In the *Buonaparte MS.* the story of Prince Polignac, and other miscellanies, they will find matter of immediate interest, which would relieve them from scientific subjects, even if dry, while these are not.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

MANCHESTER COLLEGE, YORK, under the superintendence of the Rev. C. WELLBELOVED, Theological Tutor and Principal—the Rev. J. KENRICK, M.A. Tutor in Ancient Languages and History, the Rev. W. HINCKS, F.L.S. Tutor in Mathematics and Philosophy, and Resident Clerical Tutor. The Committee of this Institution are of opinion that the present is a suitable time for calling the attention of parents and of the public at large to the advantages which it offers for completing a course of liberal education, both on account of the increasing demand for such advantages, while they believe the spirit of the times, and many circumstances, render it particularly important that the successful endeavours lately made to improve the discipline of the College, entitle them to recommend it without hesitation to public confidence.

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The College Session will commence on Friday, the 24th of September.

Applications for Admission of Students may be addressed to the Rev. C. Wellbeloved, Principal of the College; or to the Treasurer, George William Wood, Esq. Manchester; or to either of the Assistants, the Rev. J. J. Taylor, and S. D. Darbshire, Esq. Manchester.

Manchester, July 1830.

EDUCATION for INDIA, at the LONDON ORIENTAL INSTITUTION, originally established Twenty Years ago, for the preparation of the Rev. E. L. Collier, is intended for the Classical, and Mathematical Instruction requisite for those preparing for the Civil or Military Service, for the East India House Examinations, or for Haileybury or Addiscombe. The same system is followed as at these Seminaries. The Oriental Languages by Professors who have studied them among the learned Natives of India; the Classics by a Graduate of Oxford. Classes for the Season to commence immediately.

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#### THE POETICAL WORKS of ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Address to the Public.  
The most liberal and extensive having of late been repeatedly made upon me as a Publisher, by certain Persons, who in their zeal to destroy the popularity, and with a view to account for the extensive sale, of Mr. R. Montgomery's Poems, charge me with having unduly raised the price into public favor by a system of bribery, which they term *blackmail*. I have given up the defense of my reputation—*ad libitum*. By his exchanging favors with other Reviewers—*ad libitum*. By his influencing the public opinion through the literary *esters*—*ad libitum*. By his bribing the periodical press. I feel myself called upon to declare, that I defend my name to the best of my power, and that I am entirely innocent of the charge of having been guilty of any such *blackmail*. I have no Review whatever—*ad libitum*. I have not the power of exchanging favors with other Reviewers, and should disdain so to use it if I had—*ad libitum*. I am not connected, either directly or indirectly, with any of the *esters*—*ad libitum*. I never bribe a Friend, or reward a Foe—*ad libitum*. I am entirely unconnected with the periodical press, to praise the works of Mr. Montgomery, and any other works in which I have an interest. I shall make no comment on the motives which influence these gentlemen, nor point to the corrupted sources whence the venom flows. I appeal to the public whether it is in the gross abuse of critical power, and a flagrant instance of critical injustice, thus to invade my property and impugn my conduct, on grounds which, I repeat, are at once malicious, scandalous, and false?

SAMUEL MAUNDER.

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